


Songs for
* Christ *
and the 
* Church.

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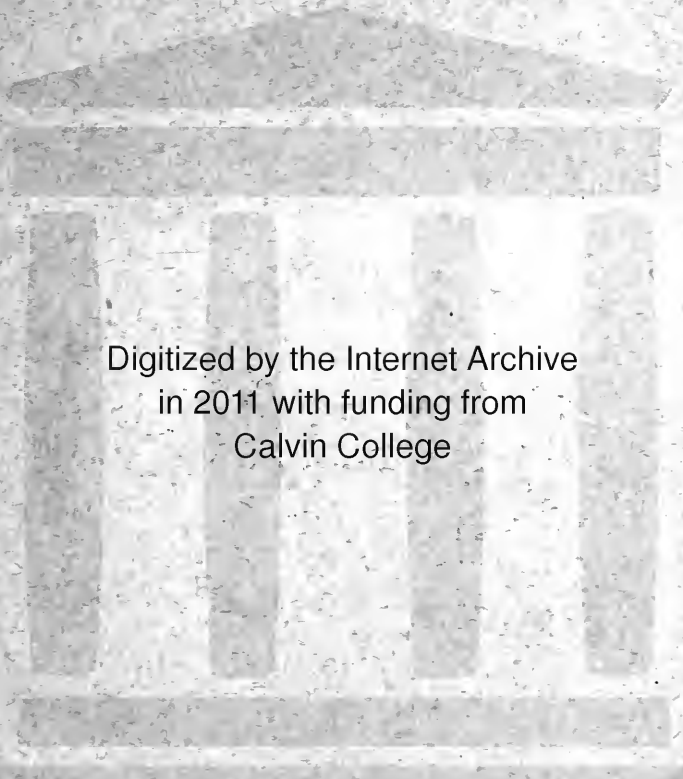
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SONGS FOR



Christ and the Church.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, AND OTHER CHURCH SERVICES.

BY

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ASSISTED BY

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WHAT TO SING AND HOW.

This book has been prepared specially as a CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNAL, but will be found adapted to all other church services, since the true Endeavor idea means the exaltation of Christian effort in every department of work. We should not aim to separate the society and the church, but should emphasize their essential unity.

The province of Christian song, also, is not only that of praise to God, but the proclamation of gospel truth, and instruction and encouragement in the Christian life as well. Ephesians 5: 19 gives us the key to this department of worship: "Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord." This book will be found to contain hymns suitable for praise, evangelistic effort, and daily experience.

THE TOPICAL INDEX at the close of the book will assist in the selection of hymns on the various lines of Christian activity in the church and society, and should be *carefully consulted*.

THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS are given with reference to music in our devotional services:

1. Sit together. A scattered audience cannot sing well.
2. Observe the sentiment of the words. We must not sing tunes alone, but hymns.
3. Use expression. Some passages should be soft, and others loud.
4. It will often be most effective for some one to sing the stanza as a solo, all joining in the chorus.
5. Sometimes let the female voices sing a passage alone, and the male voices another, all joining at an appropriate place; or let one part of the congregation respond to another.
6. Unless the music is new, do not have long preludes, and occasionally sing without the instrument.
7. Do not always use the whole hymn, and when one stanza is selected, do not let it always be the first.
8. Sometimes it is better to read a hymn or stanza than to sing it.
9. A select choir will at times prove helpful, but in studying variety care should be taken that most of the music should be congregational.
10. Do not sing to the exclusion of prayer or testimony. Even in a praise service, praise should be given by speech as well as song.
11. Select hymns that are appropriate to the subject or your feelings, and do not sing simply to fill up gaps.
12. Remember that to sing well as to work well, we must have the love of God in our hearts and be in a spirit of consecration. We must couple prayer with song that it may be effective, and should come to the meetings in a devotional frame.

Songs for Christ and the Church.

1. For Christ and the Church.

"Upon this rock I will build my church."—Matt. 16: 18.

W. F. M.

With spirit.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. For Christ and the Church our songs we raise, A cho - rus full and free,
2. We come to work at his command And spread his truth abroad,
3. We con - se - crate our feeble powers, And lay them at his feet,

For Christ and the Church u - nite our praise, The notes of ju - bi - lee.
Re - ceiving from his own right hand The pan - o - ply of God.
And pray that courage may be ours For ev - 'ry ser - vice meet.

CHORUS.

For Christ we sing A cho - rus full and free.
For Christ and the Church we sing, we sing,

For Christ we bring The notes of ju - bi - lee.
For Christ and the Church we bring, we bring

2.

Blest Be the Tie,

(DENNIS. S. M.)

NAGELL.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love!

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

3.

I Love Thy Kingdom.

(S. M. to above tune.)

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

4.

Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

(S. M. to above tune.)

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

Give Me the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—Ps. 119: 105.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of glad-ness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer
 2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is bro-ken, When sin and grief have
 3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-lighten, Teach me the dan-ger
 4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor-tal, Hold up that splendor

lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming,
 filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Je - sus spok-en,
 of these realms be-low; That lamp of safety o'er the gloom shall brighten,
 by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shining por-tal,

D. S. Precept and prom-ise, law and love eom-bin-ing,

Fine. CHORUS.
 Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
 Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - ior near. Give me the Bi - ble!
 That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
 Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jor-dan's wave.

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.

6.

Blessed Bible!

"Oh, how love I thy law."—Ps. 119:97.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

1. Blessed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spirit cheer!
 2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee; Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
 3. Blessed Bi - ble! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deeper in my heart;

What on earth like this to cov - et? Oh! what stores of wealth are here!
 Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
 Thou through all my life will guide me, And in death we will not part!

Man was lost and doomed to sorrow, Not one ray of light or bliss
 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rovings led,
 Part in death? no, never, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;

Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
 When this book brought back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
 Then, in worlds a - bove for - ev - er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

CHORUS.

Blessed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spir - it cheer!

Blessed Bible! Concluded.

What on earth like this to cov - et? Oh! what stores of wealth are here!

7. Ever Will I Pray.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Ps. 55: 17.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fath - er, in the morn - ing Un - to thee I'll pray;
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Pressed with work and care,
 3. When the evening shadows Chase a - way the light,
 4. Thus, in life's glad morning, In its bright noon - day,

Let thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus, Till he hear my prayer.
 Fath - er, then I'll pray thee Bless thy child to - night.
 In its shadowy evening Ev - er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray;
 I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray;

Morning, noon, and even - ing Un - to thee I'll pray.

8.

Jesus Saves.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,

On - ward, 't is our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

Wonderful Grace.

"By grace have ye been saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

REV. W. H. BURRELL.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis won - der - ful grace, This great sal -
 2. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis won - der - ful grace, Which saves the
 3. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis won - der - ful grace; Its streams are

va - tion brings; The soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In
 soul from sin; The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And
 full and free; Are flow - ing now for all the race. They

'Tis grace, 'tis grace,
 CHORUS.

sweet - est rapt - ure sings.
 reigns su - preme with - in. 'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis wonderful grace,
 e - ven flow to me.

grace, 'Tis grace,

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful grace, 'Tis won - der - ful grace,

'tis won - der - ful grace, Flow - ing still free - ly for me.

10.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

[NICÆA. 118, 128 & 108.]

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Though the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phim
 sin-ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly,
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.
 fall-ing down be-fore thee, Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and purity.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

11.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

(L. M. D.)

(Key of D.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known; In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.</p> | <p>2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear To him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless: And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care. And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.</p> |
|---|---|

God is Love.

"God is love."—I. John 4: 8.

ANON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing God is love; Let heav'n and
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot - est bound, God is love; In Christ we
 3. How hap - py is our por - tion here, God is love; His prom - is -

earth their prais - es bring, God is love; Let ev - 'ry soul from
 have re - demp - tion found, God is love; His blood has washed our
 es our spir - its cheer, God is love; He is our sun and

sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And sing with us for
 sins a - way, His Spir - it turned our night to day, And now we can re - shield
 by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay; He will be with us

D. S. Come, let us all u -

Fine. REFRAIN.

Je - sus' sake, For God is love. God is love, God is love.
 joyce to say That God is love.
 all the way; Our God is love. God is love, God is love.

nite to sing That God is love.

Calling for Thee.

"The Master is here, and calleth thee."—John 11:28.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling for thee, Waiting and longing thy
 2. That he might win thee, he shed his own blood; Come to this fountain, oh,
 3. Wander no lon - ger in darkness, we pray, Come to the Sav - ior, oh,
 4. Come from the darkness of sin in - to light, Come to the Shepherd who

comfort to be. Lov - ing - ly now he is say - ing to thee,
 bathe in the flood. Come while the slain one is say - ing to thee,
 make no de - lay. Je - sus is say - ing this moment to thee,
 leadeth a - right, Come to the foun - tain now o - pen and free,

CHORUS.

"Come and find mercy in me." Call - ing, Call - ing,
 "Come, sinner, come un - to me."
 "Come, weary one, un - to me."
 Je - sus is calling for thee. Calling for thee, Calling for thee,

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing,
 Call - ing for thee,

Call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 Call - ing for thee,

14. How Goes the Battle, Brother?

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6:11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

I. N. MCHOSE.

1. How goes the bat-tle, brother? What news a-long the line? Dost see our
 2. How goes the bat-tle, brother? There's glory on be - fore, Tho' some fall
 3. How goes the bat-tle, brother? Canst look above the storm? God's hosts are

ho - ly stand - ard A - bove the ramparts shine! The foe is charging
 by the way - side, And some are wounded sore; A - mid the toil and
 pressing on - ward, The conflict wax - es warm; The ranks of sin are

on us, But God is on our side; We must not shrink from danger, Who
 sor - row, The cross is lift - ed high; Press on, in faith u - ni - ted, We
 breaking, Our leader cheers us on, Be brave a lit - tle longer, The

serve the Cru - ci - fied. The voic - es of our comrades Ring loud a -
 con - quer when we die. "Be faithful," gasp the dy - ing, Their lat - est
 day is al - most won. Above the dust, the blood, the tears, An an - gel

bove the field; The cry is "No sur - ren - der," Fight on and never yield.
 whisper, "Cheer;" Fill up the ranks for Jesus, And leave no place for fear.
 cho - rus rings: "Be faithful, fellow sol - dier, Ye serve the King of kings."

15.

Saved by Faith.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

I. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. I have found redemption in the Savior's blood, I am saved by faith in his
 2. Oh, how sweet the sto-ry of his wondrous grace, I am saved by faith in his
 3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his
 4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a-long, I am saved by faith in his

blood, in his blood; I am sweet-ly trust-ing in the word of God, I am
 blood, in his blood; I will trust in Je-sus while I run my race, I am
 blood, in his blood; I will trust his promise, on his strength re-ly, I am
 blood, in his blood; In my home in glo-ry this shall be my song, I am

CHORUS.

saved by faith in his blood. I am saved, . . . yes, sweetly saved,
 I am saved, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved,

1st time. 2d time.

I am saved by faith in the blood he shed for me, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood.

16. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."—Mark 13: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

Rit.

REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Will he an - swer thee—Well done? Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will he find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

17.

Revive Us Again.

"O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."—Heb. 3: 2.

WM. P. MACKAY

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Re - volve us a - gain.

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

18.

Rejoicing in Christ.

REJOICE and be glad: the Redeemer has come!
 Go look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.

CHORUS.—Sound his praises, tell the story,
 Of him who was slain,
 Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
 He liveth again.

- 2 Rejoice and be glad: for the blood has been shed;
 Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.
 3 Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain
 O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
 4 Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high;
 He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
 5 Rejoice and be glad: for he cometh again—
 He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

H. BONAR, 1874.

I Love to Tell the Story.

"They ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus as the Christ."—Acts 5: 42.

KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the sto-ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and

glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love! I love to tell the sto-ry! Be-
 fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry! It
 tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry! For
 thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I

By permission of authors.

cause I know it's true: It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to thee.
 some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal-va-tion From God's own Holy God.
 sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto-ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come."—Is. 60: 1.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Master now is calling us; A - rise! a -
 2. A cry for light from dy-ing ones in heathen lands! It comes, it
 3. O church of God, extend thy kind, ma-ter-nal arms To save the
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall

rise! and, trusting in his word, Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of
 comes across the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of
 lost on mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to
 hail, shall hail the Savior King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in

ju - bi-lee, And take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ, our Lord.
 truth abroad, For - get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
 rescue them, And bring them to the shelter of the Sav-ior's fold.
 ey-'ry-clime, And "glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the chorus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
 On, on, on, swell the chorus; On, on, on,

On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
 On, on, on, while before leads the way.

Church Rallying Song. Concluded.

{ Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng, } Faithful soldiers here below,
 { Shout hosanna, while we boldly march along; }

On-ly Je - sus will we know, Shouting " free salvation," o'er the world we go.

21. Children of the Heavenly King.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

(HEAVENLY KING. 7s. D.)

AMERICAN MELODY.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing,
 2. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor-ders of our land;

Fine.
 Sing our Savior's wor-thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
 Je - sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un - dis-mayed go on.

D. S. They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 On - ly thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

D. S.
 We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;
 Lord! o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Trusting Only Thee.

"They that trust in the Lord Are as Mount Zion."—Ps. 125: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

F. S. LORENZ.

1. I am trust - ing thee, dear Sav - ior, Trust - ing on - ly thee;
 2. I am trust - ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow;
 3. I am trust - ing thee for cleans - ing In the crimson flood;
 4. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Oh, how great and free!
 For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy I am trust - ing now.
 Trust - ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy pre - cious blood.
 I am trust - ing thee for ev - er, Trust - ing thee for all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing thee, tho' dark - ness fall, tho' dark - ness fall, Trust - ing

thee, tho' sins ap - pall, tho' sins ap - pall, Trust - ing

thee, I con - quer all, I con - quer all, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

Our Pledge.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. 12: 1.

MRS. A. W. ALEXANDER.

CHAS. C. TREAT.

1. Once more we stand be-fore thee, O master kind and true, And
 2. Not thine was ease or pleas-ure, Not earthly good or gain, But
 3. The hosts of sin sur-round us, Hard is the fight and long; Do
 4. Now we are thine, dear Mas-ter, We're pledged to follow thee, Oh,

on thy grace re - ly - ing, Our sol-emn pledge re - new,—To
 thine one long en - deav - or To suc - cor grief and pain; Thou
 thou our need dis - cern - ing, Vouchsafe to make us strong. When
 keep thou "watch between us," When we shall part-ed be. To

take thy badge of serv - ice, And wear it af - ter thee, Con-
 wert "as one that serv - eth," And we would be like thee,—Would
 clos - es Life's en - deav - or, A home with thee be ours, There
 God, our King, Cre - a - tor, To Christ our Sav - ior, Friend, With

tent that thy dis - ci - ple Should as his Mas-ter be.
 min - is - ter with glad - ness Where - ev - er need may be.
 still to serve thee ev - er, With nev - er - fail - ing pow'rs.
 thee, O lov - ing Spir - it, Be prais-es with - out end.

24. There's not a Bright and Beaming Smile.

"That we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction."—II. Cor. 1:4.

AINSLIE.

1. There's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in the world I see,
2. I nev - er clasp a friend - ly hand, In greeting or fare - well,

But turns my heart to fu - ture joy, And whispers "heaven" to me.
But thoughts of an e - ter - nal home With - in my bos - om swell.

Though oft - en here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear,
A prayer to meet in heav'n at last, Where all the ransomed come,

There is a world where all are glad, And sorrow dwells not there.
And where e - ter - nal a - ges still Shall find us all at home.

25. The Heavenly Light.

(C. M. D. to above music.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word! When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart:</p> | <p>2 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love: Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above; And he's an heir of heaven that finds His bosom glow with love.</p> |
|---|--|

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

Over the World.

"In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John 1:4.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Let the light of life now shine O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)
 2. Bid the Sun of Righteousness, O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)
 3. Speed the day when Christ shall reign O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)

Beam with ra - diance divine O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)
 Rise the waiting lands to bless, O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)
 Truth can nev - er shine in vain O - ver the world! (o-ver the world!)

Send the word to lands appeal - ing, Scat - ter wide its leaves of healing,
 I - dol thrones are tott'ring, shaking, Pow'rs of darkness sore are quaking,
 'Neath its beams fond hope is springing, Lands long dumb break in - to singing,

Rit.
 Love and life to all re - vealing, O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
 As the light of life is breaking O - ver the world! o - ver the world!
 Glad the notes of joy are ringing O - ver the world! o - ver the world!

27. Is My Name Written There?

"Thy which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. St. J.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil- ver nor gold; I would
 2. Lord, my sins, they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy
 3. Oh, that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ver the fold. In the book of thy
 blood, oh, my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me: For thy prom - ise is
 glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing

By permission of the author.

kingdom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my
 writ - ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watching, Yes, my

D. S. *In the book of thy king - dom, Is my*

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

name written there? Is my name written there? On the page white and fair?
 make them like snow." Yes, my name's, etc.
 name's written there, Yes, my name's, etc.

name writ - ten there?

28. Young Men and Maidens.

"Praise ye the Lord....Both young men and maidens."—Psa. 148: 1, 12.

E. D. MUND.
CHORUS.

E. S. LORENZ.

Young men and maidens, Praise ye the Lord! Number - less blessings

On you hath he poured.

1. For the life your puls - es thrill - ing,
2. For the hand that ev - er guides you,
3. For the love your pathway brightens,
4. For the good that waits your do - ing,
5. For your influence still im - mor - tal

For the hope glad hearts now filling, Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
 For the rock that safely hides you, Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
 All your heavy burdens lightens, Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
 Noble ends for your pursu - ing, Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
 When you pass heav'n's shining portal, Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!

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29. Sentence.

I. John 4: 10.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

Not that we loved God, but that he loved us and { sent his Son to } a - tion for our sins.
 { be the propiti - }

Copyright, 1891, by E. S. Lorenz.

"God is a refuge for us."—Ps. 62: 8.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

Tenderly.

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know,
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
 3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe,
 4. Bound in cords of anguish, By my sins dis - mayed;
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion, Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's pow - er, Whith - er shall I go?
 Whith - er shall I jour - ney, Whith - er seek for rest?
 To be free from tor - ment, Whith - er can I go?
 Whith - er, then, ah, whith - er, Can I look for aid?
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to Thee.

f **CHORUS. Cheerfully.**

To Je - sus! To Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

p **Cres.**

Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The

p **f**

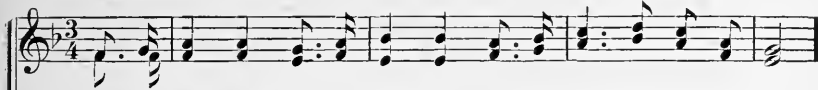
Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

31. Walking With the Savior.

"Ye ought so to walk, even as he walked."—I. John 2: 6.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Are you walking with the Sav-ior In the true and liv-ing way?
2. Are you walking with the Sav-ior, Are you dai - ly do-ing good?
3. Are you walking with the Sav-ior, Does the heart within you burn,



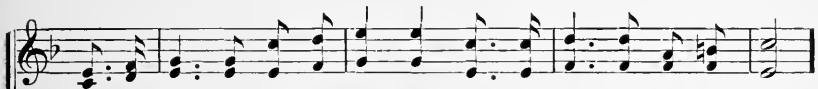
D. C. *Are you walking with the Sav-ior In the true and liv-ing way?*



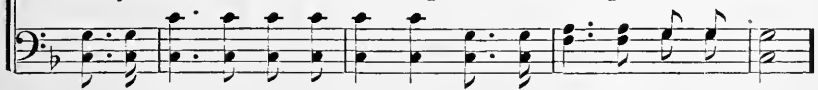
Is the meek and low-ly Je - sus Your companion ev - ery day?
 Is your light around you burning Just as brightly as it should?
 While the sweetness of compassion From his loving lips you learn?



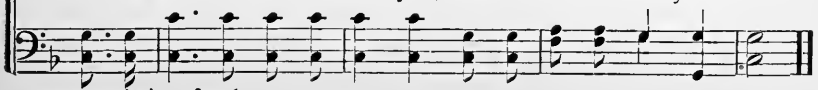
Is the meek and low-ly Je - sus Your companion ev-'ry day?



Is your life that con-se-cra - tion To the cause of him you love,
 Are the poor in cot - tage low-ly And the stranger by the way,
 Do you wish that at the eve-ning, When the twilight shadows fall,



Which would give you conso - la - tion Looking at it from a - bove?
 Ev - er blest with words of kindness, Which in love they've heard you say?
 That the Sav - ior would be with you, And o - be - dient at your call?



By permission of author.

32. When the King Comes In.

"When the king came in * * * * he saw a man which had not on a wedding garment."—Matt. 22: 11.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,
 died for men, Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,
 gar - ments dressed, Ah well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

5 Endless the separation then,
 Bitter the cry of deluded men,
 Awful that moment beyond all ken,
 When the King comes in.

6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,
 So to await thee each in his place,
 That we may fear not to see thy face
 When thou comest in.

J. E. LANDOR.

I'll Live for Him.

"Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it."—Matt. 16: 25.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul, and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py, then, my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God.
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-ior and my God.
 I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-ior and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God.

34. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary, which also sat at the Lord's feet and heard his word."—Luke 10: 39.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

Fine.

1. Oh, the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
 Cleansed from sin, made free and whole, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus. }
 2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
 All my wounds are filled with balm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus. }

D. C. Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
 CHORUS. D. C.

This is my a - bid-ing-place, Clothed with his a - bound-ing grace,

3 Here I rest from toil and strife,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
 Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4 Come ye guilty and be healed,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
 Freely is God's love revealed,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

35.

The Cross.

"Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things * * * * but with precious blood
* * * * even the blood of Christ."—I. Pet. 1: 18, 19.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

Slow.

1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross! The hal-owed cross I see; Reminding me of
2. The cross, the cross, that heavy cross, My Savior bore for me; It bowed him to the
3. The wounds, the wounds, those pain-ful wounds; Oh, they were made for me! His hands and feet, his
4. The death, the death, the aw-ful death! That Jesus died for me; I heard his groans, his
5. The love, the love, the match-less love, That bled upon the tree! It melts my heart, it

CHORUS. Slow and soft.

pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
earth with grief On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.
ho-ly head, All pierced and torn I see. Oh, the blood, the precious blood, That
pray'r, "Forgive," His bleed-ing side I see.
wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to thee.

Rit.

Je-sus shed for me; Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

36.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

(Tune, "Bethany." Key of G.)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1841

I am Listening.

"Hearken diligently unto me."—Is. 55: 2.

W. S. M.

WM. S. MARSHALL.

1. Do you hear the Sav - ior calling, By the woo - ings of his voice?
 2. By his Spir - it he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw - ing us to him,
 3. By the Word of Truth he's speaking To the wand'ring, err - ing ones;
 4. In his Prov - i - den - tial deal-ings, E - ven in his stern de - crees,

Do you hear the ac - cents falling? Will you make the pre - cious choice?
 Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With his gen - tle voice to win.
 List! the voice the still - ness breaking! Hear the sweet and sol - emn tones!
 In the loud - est thun - ders pealing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

REFRAIN.

I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning Just to hear the ac - cents fall!

I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning To the Sav - ior's gen - tle call!

38.

Come to the Savior.

I. N. M.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11:28.

I. N. McHose.

1. Come, come to the Sav-ior, To Jesus the Savior, Come, seeking his
 2. Why, soul, will you tar-ry? Why still will you tarry? Your sins he did
 3. List! list to the Spir - it, Give heed to the Spir-it, Trust Christ and his

fa - vor, Wanderer, going as - tray; Come, wea-ry with sor - row,
 car - ry, Till they were nailed to the tree; Come, wea-ry with sin-ning,
 mer - it, Trust him and earnestly pray; See, thorn-crowned and bleed-ing,

With all your great sorrow, Wait not for the mor - row, Je - sus will
 So sad with thy sinning, A new life be-gin - ning, Saved and e -
 There, fainting and bleeding, He's now in - ter - ced - ing, Why not ac -

CHORUS.

save you to - day. Come! . . . Come! . . . Come! . . .
 ter - nal - ly free. Come just now! Come just now! Come just now!
 cept him to - day?

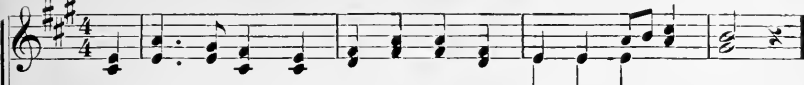
Come! . . .
 Come just now! Wait not for the morrow, Jesus will save you to - day!

Sabbath Home.

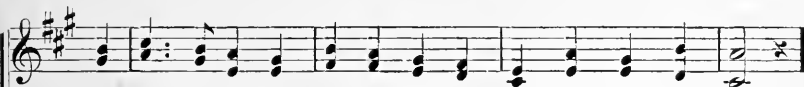
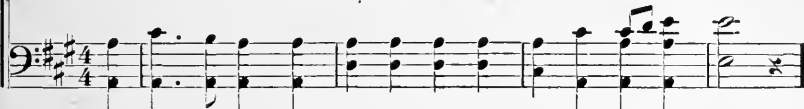
"If thou call the Sabbath a delight... then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."—Isa. 58: 13-14.

KENNADAY. Alt.

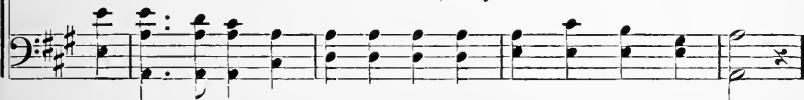
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Sweet Sabbath home, place dear to me Where'er thro' life I roam,
2. With - in thy courts of him I heard, Whose birth the angels sung,
3. When all our wand'rings here shall cease, And cares of life shall end,



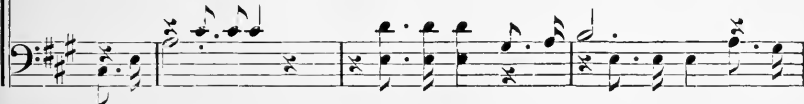
My heart will oft-en turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, The star of glo - ry hung.
In God's e - ter-nal Sabbath home, May we our an - themis blend.



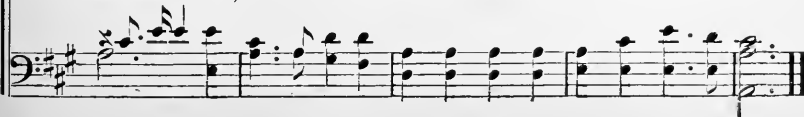
CHORUS.



Sabbath home, Blessed home, Sabbath home, Blessed
Sabbath home, Blessed home, Sabbath home,



home, My heart will often turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.
Blessed home,



40. How Blessed the Moments.

"Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way."—Luke 24: 32.

REV. CHAS. E. PILGRIM.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. How blessed the moments I spend, When Jesus, my Sav-ior, is near;
 2. His presence makes nature so bright, As with me he talks by the way;
 3. When up to his tem-ple I go, To meet with his chil - dren there;
 4. I love the sweet sto - ry of old—How for my sal - va-tion he died;

He is my Com-pan-ion and Friend, He helps me my trouble to bear.
 My soul burns with ho-ly de-light, My darkness is turned in - to day.
 He caus-es my heart to o'er-flow With love, both in praise and in prayer.
 Not millions of sil - ver and gold Could lure me a - way from his side.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus, how pre-cious thou art, How full of com-pas-sion and grace;

Thy presence is bliss to my heart, I'm cheered by the smiles of thy face.

LEADER—As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

CONGREGATION—I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

L.—I will dwell in thy tabernacle forever: I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

C.—O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

My Mission Field.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."—Mark 16: 15.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

F. S. LORENZ.

1. I would toil in the field where he call - eth me to go, Tho'
 2. I would walk in the path where it lead - eth nn - to day, Tho'
 3. I would toil in the field where he call - eth me to go, Tho'

hum - ble my work may be; I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,
 lone - ly the path might be; I would take my staff and fol - low all the way,
 bar - ren the soil might be; Tho' the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,

CHORUS.
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me. 'Tis the way; . . . my Lord
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me.
 'Tis the way my Lord lead - eth me. 'Tis the way my

lead - eth me, 'Tis the way . . . my Lord lead - eth me; I would
 Lord leadeth me, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me, I would

ask no more; I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.

The Endeavor Band.

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."—Acts 2:17.L. F. LINDSAY.
Moderato.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A Christian band . . . from far and near, . . . We meet to
2. A Christian band . . . where all may sing, . . . Glad songs of
3. The Master's work . . . we'll still pur-sue, . . . And once a -

learn . . . of Je - sus here, . . . To read his word, . . . whose ev'ry
praise . . . to God our King, . . . And youthful hearts may find the
gain . . . our pledge renew, . . . To him who saves . . . us by his

line . . . Is full of hope . . . and joy di - vine. . .
way, . . . To perfect peace . . . and end-less day. . .
love, . . . Till gathered home . . . with him a - bove. . .

CHORUS.

This blest Endeavor band, All o'er this broad, bright land Is gathered in his

Name, To grasp the friendly hand; Our thoughts are one in thee, Our

The Endeavor Band. Concluded.

prayers will ev-er be, That God may ever bless and keep this Christian band.

That God may bless and keep The Y. P. S. C. E.

43.

Father, Whose Hand.

"Thy right hand hath holden me up."—Ps. 18:35.

FRANZ ABT, 1819.

mp

1. Father, whose hand hath led me so se - cure - ly, Father, whose
2. Vouchsafe, O heav - en - ly Fath - er, to in - struct me In the straight

car hath listened to my prayer, Fa - ther, whose eye hath
way where - in I ought to go; To life e - ter - nal

f

watch'd o'er me so sure - ly, Whose heart hath loved me with a
and to heav'n conduct me, Thro' health and sick - ness and thro'

f

love so rare, Whose heart hath lov'd me with a love so rare:
weal and woe, Thro' health and sickness and thro' weal and woe.

Loyal to Jesus.

"Righteous and true are thy ways, thou King of the ages."—Rev. 15:3.

REV. C. W. RAY, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King, Loy - al and trustful his
 2. Faithful to Je - sus, his cause to maintain, Faithful in service, a
 3. Trusting in Je - sus, tho' fee - ble and frail, Trusting his promise we

prais - es we sing; Loy - al and grateful our trib - ute we bring
 crown to obtain; Faithful and ho - ly, a kingdom we gain,
 nev - er can fail; Trusting his fa - vor, we'll sure - ly prevail,

CHORUS.

To him whom the an - gels a - dore.
 When toils and tempta - tions are o'er. Loy - al to Jesus, what -
 If we shall his mer - cy implore.

e'er shall befall, Loy - al to truth and human - i - ty's call,

Loy - al to duty, we nev - er shall fall, We'll stand for the right evermore.

Lead Me to Jesus.

"And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him."—Luke 18: 40.

E. D. MUND.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so wea - ry, Wea - ry of bear - ing the
 2. Moun - tains im - pas - sa - ble, sins rise around me Hid - ing the light of the
 3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now returning Seeks in his bo - som its.

yoke of sin; Dark clouds a - bove me, my path - way is drea - ry,
 Fath - er's face; Sit - ting in dark - ness, sin fet - ters have bound me,
 rest - ing place; Lead me to Je - sus, my heart now is burn - ing,

CHORUS.

Joy nev - er dwells my sad heart with - in.
 Vain - ly I strug - gle with - out his grace. Lead me to Je - sus,
 Long - ing for mer - cy, and love, and grace.

lead me to - day. Lead me to Je sus, lead me, I pray,

Tender - ly, careful - ly, Lov - ing - ly, pray'rfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

Bring Them In.

"Doth he not leave the ninety and nine and seeketh that which is gone astray?"—
Matt. 18: 12.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

Little Messengers.

W. F. McC.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31:16.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. We come as lit - tle mes - sen - gers To speak God's ho - ly truth,
 2. We send to heathen far a - way The message ev - er new:
 3. And thus we hope some good to do, Tho' we are ver - y small:

And in his ser - vice to em - ploy The pleasant days of youth.
 "Come, seek the Lord, his word o - bey, For Je - sus died for you."
 Come, join our band, he'll save you, too, For Je - sus died for all.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, To speak God's ho - ly truth,
 We come, we come, we come, we come,

We come, we come, In pleas - ant days of youth.
 We come, we come, we come, we come,

Let Him In.

"And in none other is there salvation."—Acts 4: 12.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice, Let him in,
 4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

He has been there oft before, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

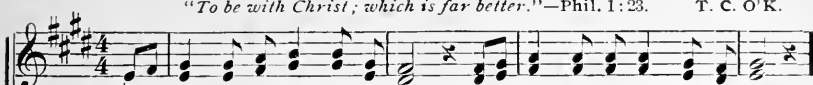
Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend, He will
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store, And his
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Fath - er's Son, Let him in.
 keep you to the end, Let him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

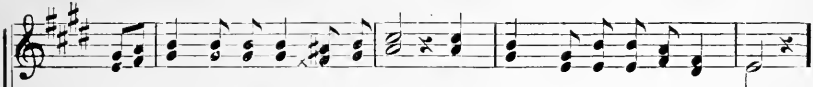
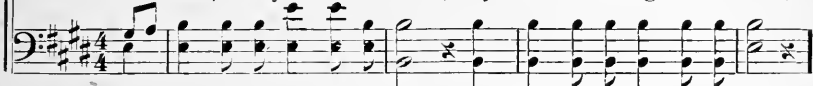
"I Long to Behold Him."

"To be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. 1:23.

T. C. O'K.



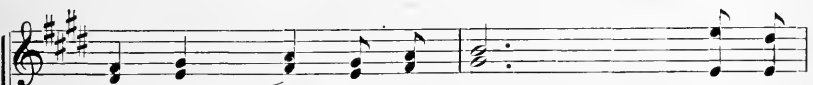
1. I long to behold him arrayed With glory and light from above,
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
3. With him I on Zi-on shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word,
4. But when, on thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see,



The King in his beauty displayed, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love.
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!
 The breadth of Immanuel's land Sur-vey by the light of my Lord.
 My full-ness of rapture I find, My heav-en of heavens in thee.



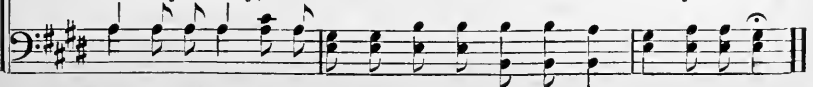
CHORUS.
 When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beautiful
 When the storms, all are o'er,



shore, When the storms all are
 by and by, all are o'er, in the



o'er I shall see him on that beauti-ful shore,
 sweet by and by, by and by.



50. Take my Heart, Dear Jesus.

"With my whole heart will I keep thy precepts."—Ps. 119: 69.

I. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all thine own, all thine own,
 2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean, pure and clean,
 3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow, white as snow.

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all thine own: Let thy Ho - ly Spir - it Break this heart of stone,
 pure and clean: Let thy blood, still flowing, Wash a - way my sin,
 white as snow; May the cleansing fountain, May thy pre - cious flow,

CHORUS.

And make me all thine own. Take my heart, . . and let it
 And make me pure and clean.
 Still keep me white as snow. Take my heart, and let it

be Ev - 'ry mo - - - ment more like thee;
 be, and let it be, Ev - 'ry mo - ment, ev - 'ry moment more like thee;

At thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all thine own.

We Meet Again.

(Answer to "God be with you 'till we meet again.")

"Now therefore we are all here present in the sight of God."—Acts. 10: 33.

W. F. M.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

1. We meet again, . . . with grateful hearts, To praise . . .
 2. We meet again, . . . and praise thy grace, That saves . . .
 3. We meet again, . . . and raise our song Nearer . . .

thy glorious name, . . . While each to each . . . the truth imparts,
 from ev'ry snare, . . . And now we ask . . . that in this place,
 to heaven's shore, . . . And pressing on, . . . 't will not be long,

"His love is still the same," Kept by thy power, led
 New joys we all may share; Send to each heart thy
 'Till we shall part no more; Oh, glorious thought to

by thy love, We've pressed . . . our onward way, And now we
 Spirit's power, And make . . . our service sweet, Thou who hast
 see our King, And bow . . . before his throne! And while be -

Rit.
 look to thee above, And for thy presence pray. . . .
 blessed . . . each fleeting hour, Oh, bless . . . while now we meet . . .
 low his praise we'll sing, And joy . . . his love to own. . . .

Set Wholly Apart.

"Serve the Lord with all your heart."—I. Sam. 12: 20.

FRANCES BEAMISH.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To work where he pleases with
 2. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To lay me a-side if it
 3. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To speak, from my heart, of his
 4. Set wholly apart for the use of the Master; To work, or to rest, or to

ho - ly delight; As each day of life, than the last, hastens fast - er, So
 seem to him best, Perchance by some blow of what earth calls disaster, Still
 message of grace; To tell of his love though glad tears gather faster, And
 speak for his sake; To give him, like Ma-ry, my choice al - a - bas-ter, My

pass every moment as in his dear sight. Kept by God's power, From
 tran-quil-ly lean-ing up - on his loved breast. Kept by God's power, From
 point to the Sav-ior who died in my place. Kept by God's power, From
 sweetest and best o'er his pierced feet to break. Kept by God's power, From

hour unto hour, Still working with happiness, strong in his might, strong in his might.
 hour unto hour, Re - lying with joy on his promises blest, promises blest.
 hour unto hour, His mer-cy to sinners to gratefully trace, gratefully trace.
 hour unto hour, Un - til in his likeness I, sat-is-fied, wake, sat-is-fied, wake.

I'm on My Journey Home.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said."—Num. 10: 29.

REV. F. A. HOFFMAN.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. My feet are wea-ry, but I am go-ing To the fair pal-ace of the
 2. Oh, do not hin-der me on my journey, For earth is not my dwelling-
 3. A few more sorrows, a few more tri-als, A few more burdens here to

King. To see his beau-ty and share his glo-ry, And his e-
 place! I'm go-ing home-ward to meet my Sav-ior, And see him
 bear, And I will en-ter the heav'n-ly por-tals, And rest in

CHORUS.

ter-nal prais-es sing.
 ev-er face to face. For I am go-ing home, yes, I am
 peace for-ev-er there.

go-ing home, To yon-der cit-y, bright and fair, To see my

Sav-ior dear, to see my Sav-ior dear, And live with him forev-er there.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, blessed
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

By permission.

ev-er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
 make a complete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-
 Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev-er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 nev-er said'st no—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

Draw Me to Thee.

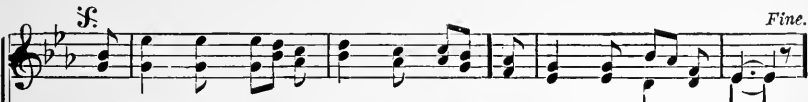
"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—Jas. 4: 8.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fet-tered by an un-seen hand;
2. In vain I struggle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
4. Here, Lord, I would for - ev - er bide, And nev - er wander from thy side;



Break thou the strong and sub - tle band, And draw me close to thee.
 Ope thou the pris - on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.



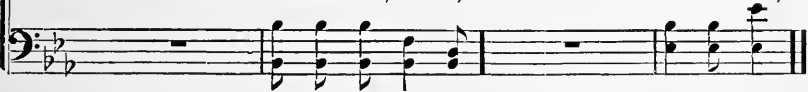
D. S. Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Draw me close to thee, Savior, Draw me close to thee;
 close to thee, Savior, close to thee;



56.

O HOLY Savior! Friend unseen,
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to thee!

CHO.—Help me cling to thee, Savior,
 Help me cling to thee!
 Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss;
 My joy, my recompense be this,
 Each hour to cling to thee!

3 Though faith and hope are often tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The soul that clings to thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

Satisfied With Jesus.

"My soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation."—Is. 61: 10.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

JOHN TIBBALS.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system begins with a treble clef and a piano dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "I am walking with the Savior in the bless-ed nar-row way, I am Once my soul was in the darkness, now has dawned life's golden day, I am". The second system is marked "Fine. CHORUS." and contains the lyrics: "sat-is-fied with Christ my Lord; } I am satisfied, (with Jesus) yes, I am sat-is-fied with Christ my Lord. }". The third system is marked "D. S." and contains the lyrics: "sat - is-fied, (with Jesus), I am sat-is-fied to walk with him the long, long way; For he".

- 2 In my griefs he's consolation, and in trial he's my stay,
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord;
With his tender arms around me I can never know dismay,
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord.
- 3 When I falter in my weakness, on his arm he bids me lean,
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord;
When temptation overwhelms me, with his blood he makes me clean,
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord.
- 4 I am happy in his service, I rejoice in God, my King,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;
For each day he opens treasures, gives new songs of joy to sing,
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

58. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?</p> <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in</p> | <p>When Christ the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin!</p> <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|---|--|

The Land of Beulah.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

American Melody.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
 4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
 For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
 When I'm in the way so nar - row I can see a pathway thro';

Where the air is pure e - the-real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-pointments, Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay,
 And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
 And how sweet-ly Je - sus whis-pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO. Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light?

D. S. CHORUS.

They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
 Worldly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the cross.
 For I've tried this way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

60. Are You Washed in the Blood?

*"According to his mercy he saved us through the washing of regeneration and re-
newing of the Holy Ghost."*—Tit. 3: 5.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the bride-groom com-eth will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour?
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Crn - ci - fied?
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man-sions bright?
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fount-ain flow-ing for the soul un - clean,

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

By permission.

Are You Washed? Concluded.

spotless, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

61. The Cleansing Wave.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fount-ain deep and wide;
 2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
 3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heaven be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to his wound - ed side.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;

Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me.

"I will bless thy name forever and ever."—Ps. 145: 1.

E. E. H.

ELMER E. HASTY.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal - va - ry's tree Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
 4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high; Sweet is the prom - ise as

sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seek - ing for
 soul he set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for

for me, for me,

me, for me, Seeking for me, seek - ing for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me,
 me, for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me,
 me, for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Calling for me, call - ing for me,
 me, for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me, Coming for me, com - ing for me,

Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

63. Do you Wonder that I Love Him ?

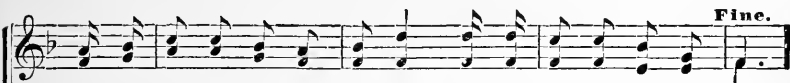
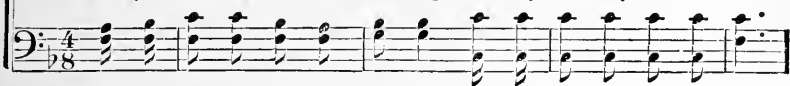
"We love, because he first loved us."—I. John 4: 19.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



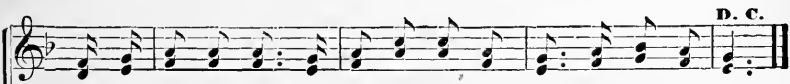
D.C. 1. Do you won-der that I love Him? That He is so dear to me?
 D.C. 2. Do you won-der at the pleas-ure That in Je-sus' name I find?
 D.C. 3. Do you won-der that I la-bor 'Mid the hedg-es on the way?
 D.C. 4. Do you won-der that I'm yearn-ing In my heavenly home to be?



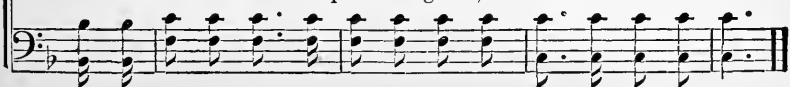
That I hold no friend a-bove Him? That I strive His child to be?
 That I count it dear-er treas-ure Than the joys of earth combined?
 That I seek my friend and neighbor Who has gone in sin a-stray?
 That my heart is ev-er turn-ing To that cit-y o'er the sea?



He's the dear-est friend to me, That my soul shall ev-er see;
 'Tis the dear-est name to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis the dear-est work to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis a home pre-pared for me Where from sin I shall be free;



For He died, I know, to save from woe A wick-ed wretch like me.
 When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am-ple plea.
 When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'Tis joy e-nough for me.
 I shall see His face and prize the grace; In His likeness I shall be.



Labor Song.

"He that reapeth receiveth wages."—John 4: 36.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is
 2. Crowd the garner well with the sheaves all bright; Let the song be
 3. In the gleaner's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems
 4. Lo! the har-vest home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by

ripe, and the reap-ers few, And the Master's voice bids the work-ers
 glad and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of
 long, and the la - bor hard; For the Master's joy, with his chos - en
 each who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in sweet words of

CHORUS.

true Heed the call that he gives to - day. La - bor on, La - bor
 night Take the place of the gold - en day.
 shared, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on,

on, Keep the bright reward in view; 'Tis the Sav - ior's com -
 La - bor on,

mand, He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day.

God be With You.

"And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace."—Acts 20: 32.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels, guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings secure-ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you
 hide you; Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you
 found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you
 o'er you, Smito death's threatening wave before you, God be with you

CHORUS.
 till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . .
 Till we meet, Till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet a - gain,

66. Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

"And in the night his song shall be with me."—Psa. 42: 8.

J. EDMESTON.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

SOLO. Andante.

1. Sav-ior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spir-its seal:
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness cannot hide from thee;

Sin and want we come confess-ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Thou art he who, nev - er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple be.

DUET OR QUARTET.

Tho' des-truction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,

CHORUS.

Ang-el guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

LEADER.—The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.—*Ps.* 42: 8.

CONGREGATION.—The day is thine, the night also is thine.—*Ps.* 74: 16.

L.—This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night.—*Josh.* 1: 8.

C.—O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.—*Ps.* 90: 14.

ALL.—The path of the righteous is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Prov.* 4: 18.

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Shoulder to Shoulder.

"With one soul striving for the faith of the gospel."—Phil. 1. 27.

H. F. JAMES.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Shoulder to shoulder, the face to the foe, Firm and u - nit - ed, right
 2. Tender the ties that our hearts firm u-nite: Love to our Lord, to his
 3. O'er all the land now the foe we en-gage, Why should we fear, tho' he

onward we go; Not in our mighty host—But this our on - ly boast,
 word full of light; Love for his fal - len ones, Care for his er-ring ones,
 menace and rage? Wielding the sword of truth, Knowing for wrong no ruth,

CHORUS.

This cheers and nerves us most, God leads us on.
 Joy, that as lov-ing sons, God owns us all. Shoulder to shoulder we
 God claims our pow'r and youth, He leads us on.

onward go to vic - to - ry! Firm and u - nit - ed, our God with us, the

foe must flee, Clad in God's pan - o - ply we on - ward go.

68. Longings for Christ and Home.

"Having a desire to depart and be with Christ."—Phil. 1: 23.

REV. L. L. LANGSTROTH.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

1. Thou precious, lov - ing lamb of God, For our sins slain on
2. Meek suff - 'rer on that shameful tree—Here - in is love! here -

Cal - va - ry, It is thy will, 'twas sealed by blood, That
in is love! Thy chastened children thirst for thee, And

where thou art there we shall be. Oh, who would then live al - ways
pant for living streams above. Strangers and pil - grims here we

here? Is earth a sat - is - fy - ing place? Dear Je - sus,
roam Till gath - ered, Sav - ior, to thy breast And sheltered

we shall praise thee where We see thy glo - ry face.
there with thee at home—Oh, hap - py home! oh, ho - ly rest!

69. Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

J. ALLEN.

'A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.'—Psa. 84:10.

MOZART.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend,
2. Love and grief our hearts divid-ing, With our tears his feet we bathe,
3. Here we feel our sins for-giv-en, While upon the Lamb we gaze,

Life, and health, and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
Constant still, in faith a - biding, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips o'er - flow with praise.

Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low before his cross to lie,
For thy sor - rows we a - dore thee, For the pains that wrought our peace;
Still in cease - less con - tem - plation, Fix our hearts and eyes on thee

While we see di - vine compas - sion Beaming in his gracious eye.
Gracious Savior! we implore thee In our souls thy love increase.
Till we taste thy full sal - vation, And, unveiled, thy glo - ries see.

70. I Need the Prayers of Those I Love.

"Prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him."—Acts 12: 5.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ

1. I need the prayers of those I love! I need the sweet, sweet feeling, That

suit for me is urged a - bove, When-e'er dear friends are kneeling.

A - mid life's cares I need the prayers..... I

A - mid life's cares I need the prayers,

need the prayers of those I love A -

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,

- mid life's cares I need the prayers..... I

A - mid life's cares, I need the prayers

I Need the Prayers. Concluded.

need the prayers..... of those I love.....

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.

2 Of those I love the prayers I need !
 They know my wants and ailings ;
 They know the way to intercede
 For all my faults and failings.
 On bended knee,
 Remember me,
 Of those I love the prayers I need.

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers !
 Whene'er God's throne addressing :
 'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
 'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
 Who love me yet,
 O ne'er forget ;
 Of those I love, I need the prayers !

71. Will You Meet Us?

"They shall reign forever and ever."—Rev. 22: 5.

Anon.

American Melody.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Will You Meet Us?'. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,

Musical notation for the second system of 'Will You Meet Us?'. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore?

2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
 On Canaan's happy shore ?
 3 By the grace of God I'll meet you
 On Canaan's happy shore.

4 That will be a happy meeting
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 5 Jesus lives and reigns forever
 On Canaan's happy shore.

72. Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.

"Whoso is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32:26.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, en - list, for the
 2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in - to line at your
 3. Who'll volunteer in the ranks to - day, Ready to plunge in the

Lord wants you! Fac - ing the foe with your sword in hand,
 Lord's command; Fol - low his lead in the earn - est fight,
 thick - est fray? Je - sus now waits for the brave and true;

CHORUS.

Brave - ly go forth at your Lord's command.
 Con - quer for God, and for truth and right. Hear the call, (brother),
 Broth - er, enlist! for the Lord wants you.

hear the call, Pleading for help from one and all, Hear the call,

(brother), hear the call, Pleading for help from one and all.

73. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

"Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. 4:19.

M. B. SLEIGHT.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
 • 2. Who will heed the ho - ly mandate, "Fol - low me, fol - low me?"
 3. Hark - en, lest he plead no longer, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"

Soft - ly through the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Leav - ing all things at his bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me?"
 Once a - gain, oh, hear him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"

As of old he called the fishers, When he walked by Gal - i - lee,
 Hark! that tender voice entreating Mar - iners on life's rough sea,
 Turning swift at thy sweet summons, Ev - ermore, O Christ, would we.

Still his patient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 For thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low thee!

74. Is Your Lamp Still Burning?

"Five of them were foolish, and five were wise."—Matt. 25: 2.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light bearer? Of his joy a shar - er? Is this dark world
 2. Is your heart warm glow-ing, With his love o'er-flow-ing, And his good-ness
 3. Keep your al - tars burn-ing, Wait your Lord's return-ing, While your heart's deep

fair-er For your cheer-ing ray; Is your bea - con light - ed, Guid - ing
 showing More and more each day? Are you press-ing on - ward, With Christ's
 yearning Draws him ev - er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your

D. S. *Are you ev - er wait - ing For your*

Fine. CHORUS.

souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
 faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way? Oh, broth-er, is your
 light be blend-ed When his glo-ry shall ap-pear?

Lord's re - turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?

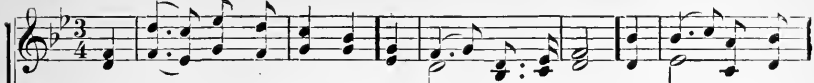
lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheer-ing ray?

75. How Can I but Love Him?

"We love him, because he first loved us."—I. John 4: 19.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

E. S. LORENZ.



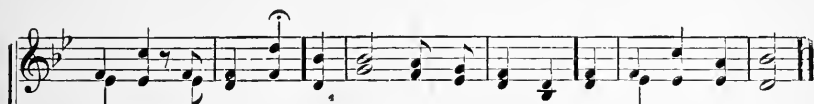
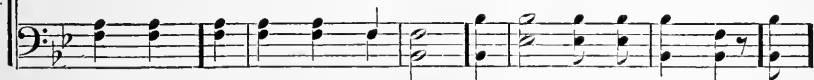
1. So ten - der, so pre - cious, My Sav - ior to me; So true, and so
 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
 3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleed - ing And circled with thorns, Is then most ex -



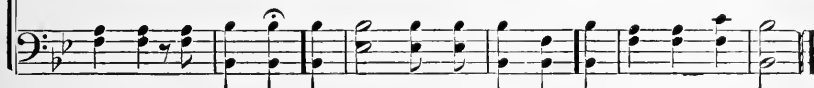
REFRAIN.



gra - cious, I've found him to be;
 blind - ly, He love still re - pays; How can I but love him? But
 rar - est, That ev - er can be.
 ceed - ing: For grief him a - dorns.



love him, but love him? There's no friend above him, Poor sinner, for thee.



76. Come, Thou Fount.

(8s, 7s, D. Key of Eb.)

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

Let Us Pay Our Vows.

"I will pay my vows before them that fear him."—Ps. 22: 25.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1st.

1. { We have entered roy - al ser - vice, pledged our utmost power, We have
 { His commands we heed with gladness, ev - 'ry day and hour, We have
 2. { There are words of praise and honor we are pledged to speak, We have
 { Tho' our speech be slow and stamm'ring, and our hearts be weak, We have

3 2nd.

made our vows un - to the Lord! made our vows un - to the Lord!

CHORUS. 3

Let us pay our vows un - to the Lord, (un - to the Lord,) Let us pay our vows

3

un - to the Lord, (un - to the Lord!) Now in the presence of his

3

peo - ple Let us pay our vows un - to the Lord!

3. There is light we must be seeking in his holy word,
 We have made our vows unto the Lord,
 There are hidden words of comfort that we have not heard,
 We have made our vows unto the Lord!
4. Oh, the joy of loyal service, oh, the tender grace,
 When we pay our vows unto the Lord!
 We shall walk in white before him, see his loving face,
 If we pay our vows unto the Lord.

The Heavenly Love.

WARING. 75 & 68. D.)

MENDELSSOHN.

In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-

fid - ing, For nothing changes here, The storm may roar without me, My heart may

low be laid, But God is round about me—And can I be dismayed?
can . . . I be dismayed?

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,—
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;

My hope I can not measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

ANNA LETITIA WARING, 1850.

79.

SOMETIMES a light surprises

The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises

With healing on his wings;

When comforts are declining,

He grants the soul again

A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,

We sweetly then pursue

The theme of God's salvation,

And find it ever new:

Set free from present sorrow,

We cheerfully can say,

Let the unknown to-morrow

Bring with it what it may.

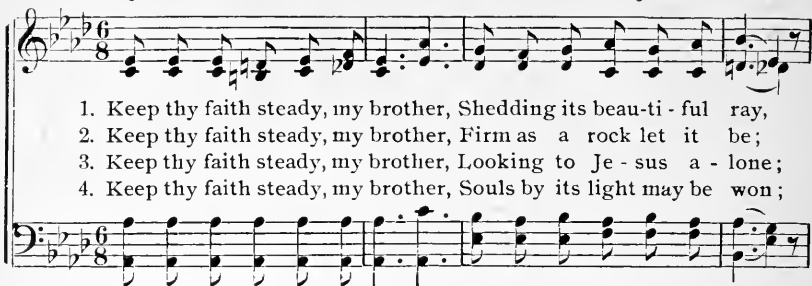
WM. COWPER.

Keep Thy Faith Steady.

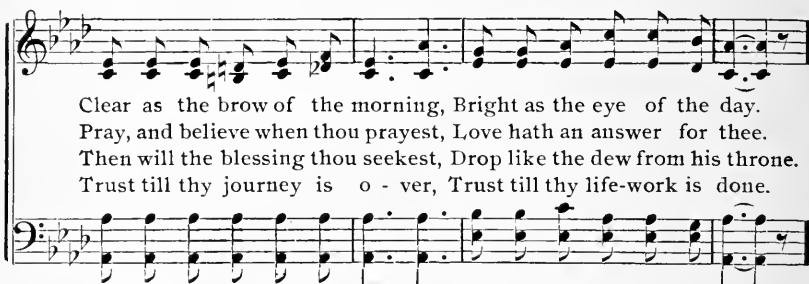
"Who through faith subdued kingdoms."—Heb. 11: 33.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

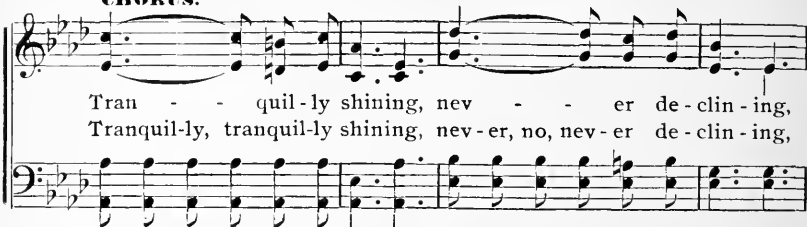
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



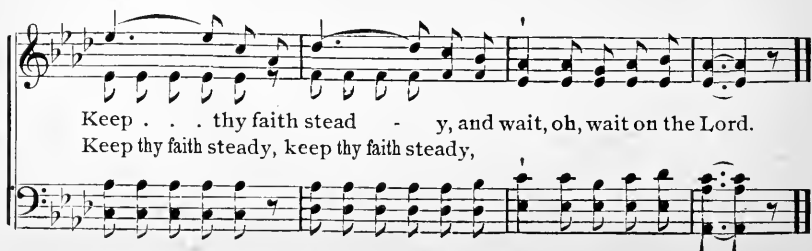
1. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Shedding its beau-ti-ful ray,
 2. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Firm as a rock let it be;
 3. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Looking to Je-sus a-lone;
 4. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Souls by its light may be won;



Clear as the brow of the morning, Bright as the eye of the day.
 Pray, and believe when thou prayest, Love hath an answer for thee.
 Then will the blessing thou seekest, Drop like the dew from his throne.
 Trust till thy journey is o-ver, Trust till thy life-work is done.

CHORUS.


Tran- - - quil-ly shining, nev - - - er de-clin-ing,
 Tranquil-ly, tranquil-ly shining, nev-er, no, nev-er de-clin-ing,



Keep . . . thy faith stead - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
 Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,

Over and Over Again.

W. F. M.

"He is become my salvation."—Ex. 15: 2.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. I heard once a story of joy and love, Of Je - sus who came from the
2. As oft as I've heard it, it's yet more sweet Each time you the wonderful
3. But, better than hearing, the joy I see That brings all the fullness of

realms above, So sweet was the message to per - ishing men, I
words repeat; O I long for the moments of blessedness when I can
bliss to me, Is to tell the glad message to others, and then Be

CHORUS.

want - ed to hear it told o - ver a - gain.
hear it told o - ver and o - ver a - gain. O - ver and o - ver a -
tell - ing it o - ver and o - ver a - gain.

gain, . . . O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . . The wonder - ful
gain, a - gain, a - gain, a - gain,

sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell o - ver and o - ver a - gain.

Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"The Lord of hosts is with us."—Ps. 46: 7.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joyfully shout ho-sanna! Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord! he is the King e - ter - nal; Glo-ry be to God on

claim; Lift up our hearts unto his throne with gladness,—Magnify his
high! Praise we the Lord, tell of his loving kindness,—Join the chorus

ho - ly name. Marching a-long under his ban-ner bright,
of the sky. Still marching on, cheerily marching on,

Trusting in his mercy as we go (trusting we go), His light divine tenderly
In the ranks of Je-sus we will go (ever we'll go) Home to our rest, joyfully

o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by his hand now and for-ev - er.
home, where the blest Gather and praise the Savior's name, praise him forever.

Steadily Marching On. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Steadily marching on With our banner waving o'er us, Steadily marching

on, while we sing the joyful chorus; Steadily marching on, pillar and

cloud going before us, To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

83.

Harmony Grove.

R. WARDLAW, 1814.

(L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER, 1839.

1. Hail! morning known among the blest, Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
2. Blest be the Fa-ther of our Lord, Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
3. Mercy looked down with smiling eye, When our Immanuel left the dead;

Of heav'nly peace, and ho - ly rest, Pledge of the endless rest a - bove.
Hope to the lost was then restored, And ev - er - last-ing glo - ry won.
Faith marked his bright ascent on high, And hope with gladness raised her head.

84. What a Friend we Have in Jesus.

"There is friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to
 2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be dis-
 3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?—Precious Savior, still our

Used by permission of author.

car - ry Ev-'rything to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what
 couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will
 ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it

needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Ev-'rything to God in prayer!
 all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

85. The Lord's Prayer.

CHANT.

GREGORIAN.

- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name, ||
 Thy kingdom come: thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,
- 2 Give us this | day our—| daily | bread: ||
 And forgive us our debts, as | we for-| give our | debtors.
- 3 Lead us not into temptation, but de-| liver | us from | evil; ||
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- —men.

86.

Growing in Grace.

"May grow up in all things into him."—Eph. 4: 15.

E. D. MUND.

1 S. LORENZ.

1. Heip me, Sav - ior, more each day, Glad - ly thy sweet wil' o - bey;
 2. Pur - er, ho - lier I would be, From my sin com - plete - ly free;
 3. Out of dawn - ing in - to light, Out of grop - ing in - to sight,
 4. Press - ing on to win the prize, Crown and throne before my eyes,

More and more thy love dis - play, Oh, help me grow in grace!
 Draw me, Sav - ior, near - er thee, And help me grow in grace.
 Out of weak - ness in - to might, Oh, help me grow in grace!
 Let my soul's am - bi - tion rise, And help me grow in grace.

D. S. *Help me, Sav - ior, thou hast pow'r, To ev - er grow in grace.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Grow - ing in grace ev - 'ry day, Grow - ing in grace ev - 'ry hour,

87.

Missionary Hymn.

(7s & 6s. D.)

(Tune, "Missionary Hymn," Key of F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Reginald Aeber, 1819.

88.

Prayer.

C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

James Montgomery, 1819.

Seeds of Promise.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."—EccI. II: 1.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears the wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
 3. The harv - est - home of God will come; And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit - ful har - vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
 With joy un - told your sheaves of gold Will all be gar - nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day a - long your way, The seeds of
 Then day by day along your way,

prom - ise cast, That ripened grain . . . from hill and
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of prom - ise cast, That ripened grain

plain, Be gathered home at last.
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
 Be gathered home at last

"Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."—Matt. 6: 21.

W. F. MCC.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

LEADER.—But this I say, he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.—*II. Cor. 9: 6.*

CONGREGATION.—There is that scattereth and increaseth yet more; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want.—*Prov. 11: 24.*

L.—And he said: Of a truth I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than they all: for all these did of their superfluity cast in unto the gifts: but she of her want did cast in all the living that she had.—*Luke 21: 3, 4.*

C.—Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—*II. Cor. 9: 6.*

L.—For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—*John 3: 16.*

C.—For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.—*II. Cor. 8: 9.*

ALL.—Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.—*II. Cor. 9: 15.*

1. My gifts I bring to thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
 2. I count no treasure mine, But bring it to thy throne,
 3. I give with cheerful heart And ea - ger mind a - flame,
 4. The choicest gifts I bring Are but as tri - fles small,

For thou hast ransomed me At such a wondrous cost.
 For ev - rything is thine, — I joy thy right to own
 Nor con - se - crate a part, But all, to thy dear name.
 Yet bless them while I sing, "Thou art my all in all."

Thy grace has giv'n so much to me, I love to give to thee.
 Earth's riches have no use to me, But to be giv'n to thee.
 I nothing ask reserved to me, — I give it all to thee.
 All - that I give is gain to me, — I lose myself in thee.

I Want to be a Worker.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."—John 9: 4.

I. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be busy ev'ry day In the
 err- ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, In the
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home In the
 err- ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die, In the

CHORUS.

vine- yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
 king- dom of the Lord.
 king- dom of the Lord.
 king- dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

In the vine- yard, in the vineyard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will

work, I will pray, I will la- bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

"But now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The sands of time are wast-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks; The sum-mer
 2. Oh, Christ, he is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of
 3. Oh, I am my Be- lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine; He brings a

morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight,
 earth I've tast-ed, More deep I'll drink a-bove. There, to an o-cean full-ness,
 poor, vile sin - ner In - to his house di - vine. Up - on the Rock of A - ges

But day-spring is at hand, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
 His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
 My soul, re-deemed, shall stand, Where glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

Heb. 11: 14.

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
 The glory of th' elect,—
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect!
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
 Ev'n here thy walls discern;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn!
 2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified, thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise;—

Jerusalem! exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
 3 O sweet and blessed Country!
 Shall I e'er see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed Country!
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part;
 His only, his forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145.
 NEALE, tr. 1757.

94. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

"Yet the Lord thinketh upon me"—Ps. 40: 17.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shad - ow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

Fine.
 One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S. *What need I fear when thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.*

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CHORUS. D. S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

95.

Plead For Me.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
 Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend
 That thou wilt plead for me.

CHORUS.—||: O Savior, plead for me (for me),:||
 On this alone my hopes depend
 That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting place,
 And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
 Then, Savior, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
 Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
 Still, Savior, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
 Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
 And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
 Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
 Then to my fainting sight appear,
 Pleading in heaven for me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Are You Ready?

"Be ye also ready."—Matt. 24 : 44.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUP.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the evening shadows falling Close the day of mor-tal life; Soon the
 2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne; Now pre-
 3. Oh, how fa-tal'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now? Read-y
 4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee; Yield no

CHORUS.

hand of death appalling Draws thee from its weary strife. Are you ready?
 pare, for love abounding Yet has left thee not a-lone. Are you ready!
 should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill upon thy brow.
 long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sorrow flee.

are you ready? are you ready? 'Tis the Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you

ready? Are you ready? Do not lin-ger longer, come to-day.
 are you ready? Are you ready?

Trusting in the Promise.

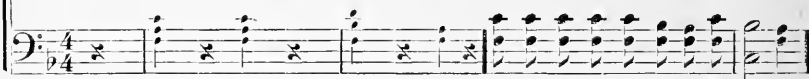
"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John 14: 19.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. I have found repose for my wea - ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;



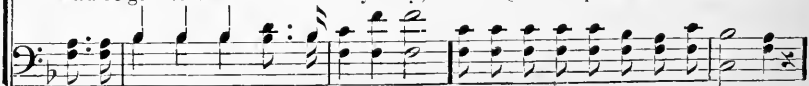
And a har - bor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
 And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
 Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.



I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
 I can smile at grief and a - bide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;
 Who - so - ev - er will may be saved to - day, Trusting in the promise of the Savior;



I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.
 And be - gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.



Trusting in the Promise. Concluded.

Resting on his mighty arm for-ev-er, Nev-er from his lov-ing heart to sev - er,

I will rest by grace in his strong em-brace, Trusting in the promise of the Sav-ior.

98. He is Calling.

"Unto you, O men, I call,"—Prov. 8: 4.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a
2. place where earthly failings Have such kindly judg-ment given. He is calling, "Come to me;"
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the
4. But we make his love too nar-row, By false lim-its of our own; And we

REFRAIN.

kindness in his justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
place where earthly failings Have such kindly judg-ment given. He is calling, "Come to me;"
heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
mag - ni - fy his strictness With a zeal he will not own.

Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No More Good-byes.

"Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."—I. Thess. 4:18.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
 2. There the good again shall meet Who have clasped the parting hand, Fathers,
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they never sorrow more, Where no

chill - ing frosts can fall On flow'rs that sweetly bloom, Where the
 mothers, children dear, Around the throne shall stand; There no
 sickness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power, Where they

D. S. *Midst the*

glo - ry of the Lord, Shines thro' all the cloudless skies, There, as
 tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dismal cloud arise, And in
 feel no weight of care, And no tears bedim the eyes, All the

glo - ry of the Lord, In that home beyond the skies, Where the

Fine. CHORUS.
 endless ages roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . .
 that e-ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
 good shall meet again, Shall speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

By permission.

No More Good-byes. Concluded.

No more good-byes, oh, blessed thought! No more good-byes.
No more good-byes, Oh, blessed thought!

100. Remember Me.

"Save, Lord; we perish.—Matt. 8:25.

ANON.

Male voices.

JOANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin oppress - es, When dark despair distress - es,

'Mid fires of e - vil falling, 'Mid tempters' voices calling,
When from its dangers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mortal, And when I pass death's portal,

CHORUS.

Remember me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Mighty One!

"A word in due season, how good it is."—Prov. 15: 23.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Spo - ken in fear with sense of need;
 2. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Gen - tle and low with falt'ring breath;
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a wav'ring soul to hear;
 4. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Fee - ble the love and praise ap - pear;

Yet, with the Mas - ter's bless - ing, Thousands that word may feed.
 Yet, with the Spir - it's thrill - ing, Win - ning a soul from death.
 Yet, thro' in - creas - ing a - ges, Wid - en its help and cheer.
 An - gels their songs are ceas - ing, Glad the new note to hear.

CHORUS.

Give me a word for thee, Mas - ter! Give me a word for thee!

To speak thy praise, Some soul to raise, Oh, give me a word for thee.

102. Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

"And Philip then preached unto him Jesus."—Acts 8: 35.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,
 2. Fasting, alone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

CHO.—*Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,*

Tell me the sto-ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
 How for our sins he was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
 Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liveth a-gain;

Tell me the sto-ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

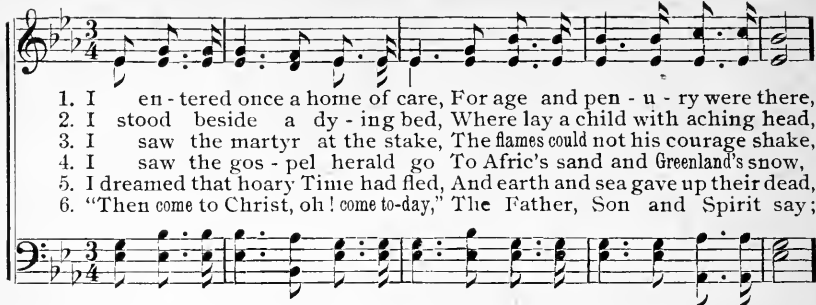
Tell how the angels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth—
 Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrow he bore,
 Love in that sto-ry so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
 He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

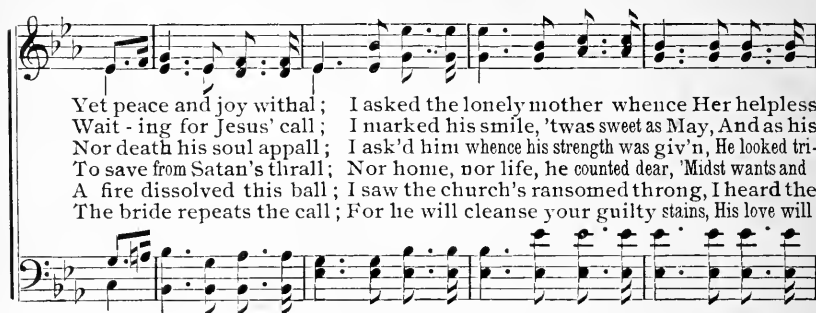
"Christ is all, and in all."—Coll. 3: 11.

Selected.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

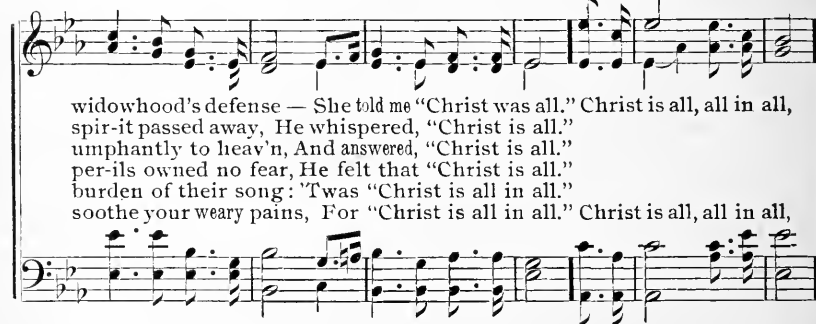


1. I en - tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel herald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 5. I dreamed that hoary Time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. "Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day," The Father, Son and Spirit say;



Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked tri-
 To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home, nor life, he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
 A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransomed throng, I heard the
 The bride repeats the call; For he will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

CHORUS.



widowhood's defense — She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in all,
 spir-it passed away, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umphantly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 burden of their song: 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all,



Yes, Christ is all in all; Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

104. Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

SENTENCE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the
 Cast thy burden on the Lord,

Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and

comfort thee; He will sustain thee and com- fort thee. He will sustain thee, and

com - fort thee. He will sus - tain thee, he will com - fort thee:

Repeat pp.
 Cast thy bur - den on the Lord! Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

105. Tenting Toward the Highlands.

"Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right."—Genesis 13: 9.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, With a purpose firm and true?
 2. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, Or the cit - ies on the plain?
 3. Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, Where the King in glo-ry reigns,

Are you tenting t'ward the highlands with a bet - ter home in view?
 Has the bless - ed news of Canaan to your heart appealed in vain?
 Or the Sod - om and Go-mor-rah burning cit - ies of the plain?

Are your fac - es set for Canaan, like the pa-tri-arch's of old?
 Are you tenting t'ward the highlands, t'ward the haven of his love,
 Are you tenting t'ward the highlands? oh! my brother, turn a - way

Are your sheep within the pasture, Are your lambs within the fold?
 Where the Sav - ior waits to crown you, In the bet-ter home a-bove?
 From the glar - ing light of Sodom To the light of per - fect day.

CHORUS.

Are you tenting (in his love), are you tenting (in his love), Are you

Tenting Toward the Highlands. Concluded.

tenting in the Savior's love (in his love)? Are you tenting (in his love), are you
 tenting (in his love), Are you tent-ing t'ward the home a - bove?

106.

Crusaders' Hymn.

"He is altogether lovely."—Sol. Song, 5: 16.

Melody very ancient.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture,
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O thou, of God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines brighter,

Thee will I hon - or, Thee, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

He Knows It All.

"Lord, thou knowest all things."—John 21 : 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv - ing
 2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our
 3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how
 4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our

day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
 lives between, The wounds the world has nev - er seen—He knows it all.
 near the brink Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
 joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He knows it all.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, . . . The bit - ter, wea - ry way;
 He knows it all,

O souls that weep, O souls that pray, He knows it all.

Nearer Home.

"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."—Rom. 13: 11.

PHOEBE CARY.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house Where the blest man - sions be;
 3. Near - er the bound where we Must lay our bur - dens down
 4. The waves of that deep sea Roll dark be - fore my sight,
 5. Oh! if my mor - tal feet Have al - most gained the brink,
 6. Fa - ther! per - fect my trust, That I may rest, in death,

I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore:
 Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea;
 Near - er to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
 • But break, the oth - er side, Up - on a shore of light.
 If I am near - er home To - day than e'en I think,
 On Christ, my Lord, a - lone, And thus re - sign my breath.

CODA.

I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Nearer my home to - day; Yes,

near - er my home in heav'n to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

109.

Little Mission Band.

"The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation."—Isa. 60:22.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. We're a lit - tle Mission Band, Working long, hoping long,
 2. Christ receives our work of love, Hear his voice! lov - ing voice!
 3. E'en the least can something do, Tho' we're small, weak and small;

Toil - ing for the heathen land— Hap - py is our song.
 Comes the blessing from a - bove, While our hearts re - joice.
 For we have a purpose true— Christ is all in all.

REFRAIN.

We're a lit - tle Mission Band, Je - sus takes us by the hand;
 Come and join our Mission Band, He will take you by the hand;

We around his throne shall stand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
 You around his throne may stand, And praise him ev - er - more.

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110.

Benediction.

I. Thess. 5:28.

F. S. LORENZ.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, be with you, Amen! Amen!

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"And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a Friend that's well-known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

"Rejoicing in hope."—Rom. 12: 12.

Anon.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev - er - last-ing joy;
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Church vic-to-rious, Thou mayst lift this joyful strain;
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! let our voic-es Rise to heav'n with full ac - cord;
 4. But our earn-est sup - pli - ca-tion, Ho - ly God, we raise to thee;

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Hal - le - lu - jah! song the sweet-est That can an - gel hosts em - ploy.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! songs of tri-umph Well be - fit the ran-somed train.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! ev - 'ry mo-ment Brings us near - er to the Lord.
 Bring us to thy bliss-ful pres-ence, Let us all thy glo - ry see.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu - jah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest truly is plenteous."—Matt. 9: 37.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
 winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-come;

by permission

CHORUS.

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves;

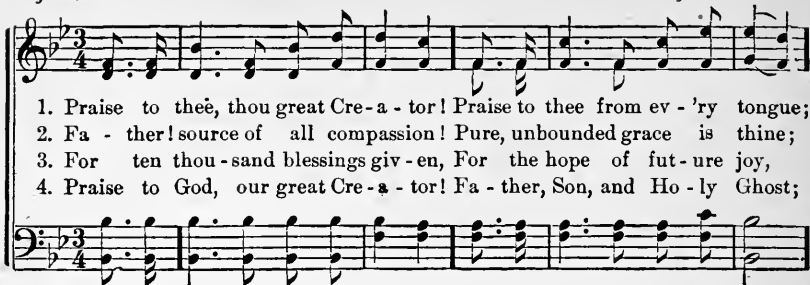
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves; We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

Let us Praise Him To-day.

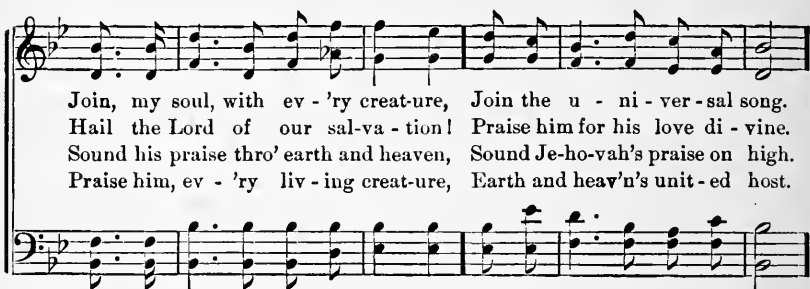
"Oh that men would praise the Lord."—Ps. 107: 8.

J. W. FAWCETT.

W. J. BALTZELL.

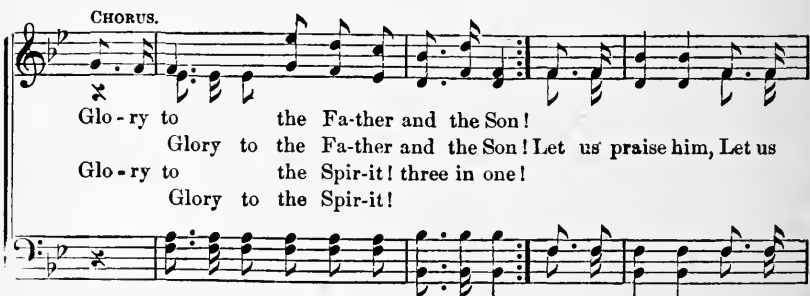


1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a - tor! Praise to thee from ev - 'ry tongue;
 2. Fa - ther! source of all compassion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
 3. For ten thou - sand blessings giv - en, For the hope of fut - ure joy,
 4. Praise to God, our great Cre - a - tor! Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

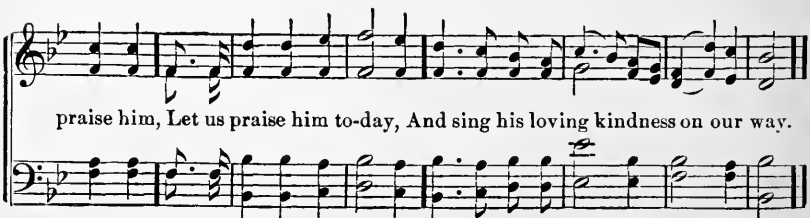


Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creat-ure, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
 Hail the Lord of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
 Praise him, ev - 'ry liv - ing creat-ure, Earth and heav'n's unit - ed host.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and the Son!
 Glory to the Fa - ther and the Son! Let us praise him, Let us
 Glo - ry to the Spir - it! three in one!
 Glory to the Spir - it!



praise him, Let us praise him to-day, And sing his loving kindness on our way.

115. Joy Cometh in the Morning.

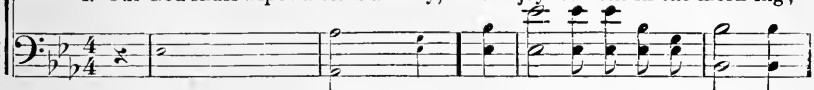
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. MARY M. WEINLAND.

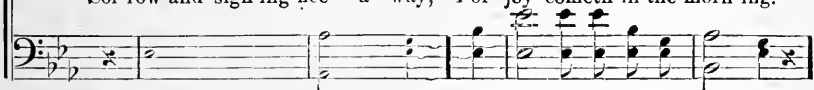
E. S. LOREN.



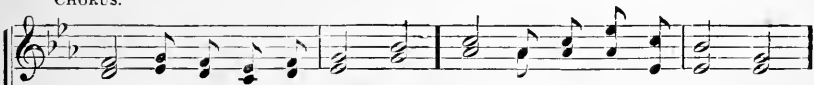
1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
2. Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
3. Let ev-'ry burdened soul look up, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;



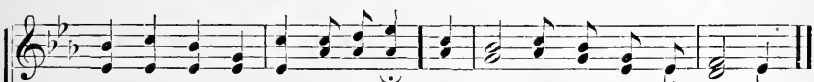
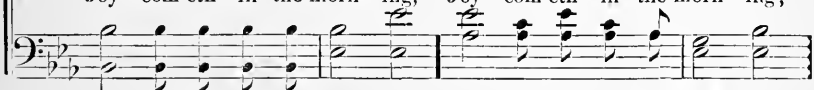
For God, in his own Word, hath said That joy cometh in the morn-ing.
 Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.
 And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.
 Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.



CHORUS.



Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Joy com-eth in the morn-ing;



Weeping may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.



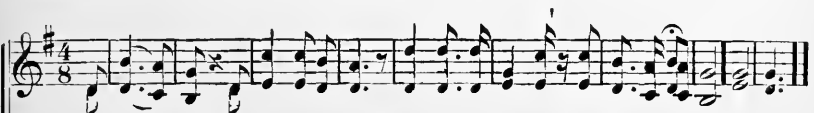
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Mizpah.

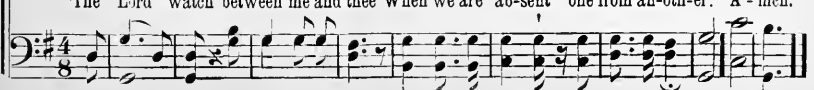
Gen. 31: 49.

(BENEDICTION.)

W. F. MCCAULEY.



"The Lord watch between me and thee When we are ab-sent one from an-oth-er. A-men.



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"If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him."—Rom. 8: 17.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light af-ter dark-ness, Gain af-ter loss, Strength af-ter wea-ri-ness,
 2. Sheaves af-ter sow-ing, Sun af-ter rain, Sight af-ter mys-te-ry,
 3. Near af-ter dis-tant, Gleam af-ter gloom, Love af-ter lone-li-ness,

Crown af-ter cross, Sweet af-ter bit-ter, Song af-ter sigh,
 Peace af-ter pain, Joy af-ter sor-row, Calm af-ter blast,
 Life af-ter tomb; Af-ter long ag-o-ny, Rapt-ure of bliss;

CHORUS.

Home af-ter wander-ing, Praise af-ter cry.
 Rest af-ter wea-ri-ness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weep-ing,
 Right was the path-way Lead-ing to this.

Then the glad reap-ing; Now comes the labor hard, Then the re-ward.

Glorious Fountain.

"There shall be a fountain opened * * * * for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

By permission.

CHORUS.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever

Wash my sins away.

Glorious Fountain.

THERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood, ||
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged ||: beneath that flood, ||
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see, ||
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ||: though vile as he, ||
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood, ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: church of God, ||
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, ||
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, ||: faltering tongue: ||
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, ||: sweeter song, ||
I'll sing thy power to save.

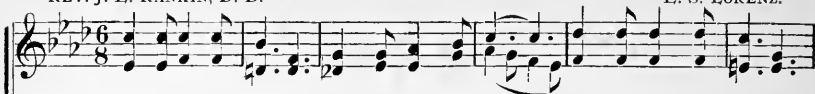
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

Keep Your Colors Flying.

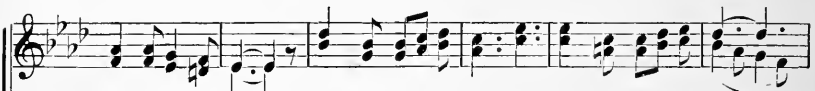
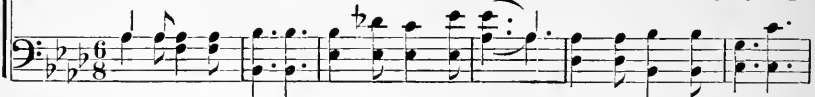
"Set up a standard in the land."—Jer. 51:27.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

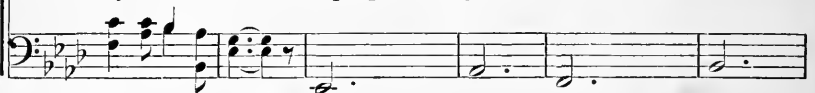
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Keep your colors flying, All ye Christian youth; To Christ's call replying,
2. Life is all before you, Where to choose your way; Keep Christ's colors o'er you,
3. Keep your colors flying, Never think of ease; Sin and self de-nying,
4. Keep your colors flying, Walk as Je-sus did; In him lov-ing, dy-ing,



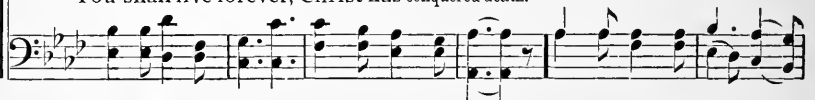
Full of grace and truth. Rise in strength and beauty In life's morning glow,
 Watch and fight and pray. With a firm endeavor, Ev-'ry foe de-fy,
 Je-sus only please. Not for worldly pleasure, Not for worldly fame,
 Let your life be hid. Hoping, trusting ever, Breathe this mortal breath,



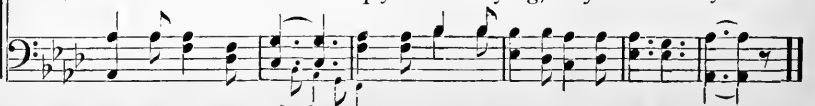
CHORUS.



Answer to each duty, Onward, upward go.
 True to Jesus ev-er, Lift your colors high. Keep your colors fly-ing,
 Not for heaps of treasure: Live for Jesus' name.
 You shall live forever, Christ has conquered death.



Stand for God and truth! Keep your colors flying, All ye Christian youth!



120. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31:6.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Going on before. Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
 treading Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vided, All one body we,
 Je - sus Constant will remain. Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 voic - es In the triumph song: Glory, laud and honor, Unto Christ the King;

CHORUS.

Forward, into bat - tle, See his banners go.
 One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian soldiers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This, thro' countless ages, Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on before.
 With the cross of

121. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light;
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall;

Copyright, 1922, by E. S. Lorenz.

For who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus?
 In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.
 In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

"We seek after the city which is to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
 2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
 3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see;

o-ver there,

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their gar-ments of white, o-ver there.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God, o-ver there.
 Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there.
 Many dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me, o-ver there.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there. Oh, think of the home over there, o-ver there;
 Oh, think of the friends over there, o-ver there;
 My Sav-ior is now over there, o-ver there;
 Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there, o-ver there;

Over there, over there, over there, Oh, think of the home over there.
 Oh, think of the friends over there.
 My Sav-ior is now over there.
 Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.

By permission.

"Come, . . . and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

Words arranged.

W. F. McCAULEY.

1. When the weary at heart and la - den with sin Have opened to
 2. When in struggling for right and battling with wrong, The rough, doubtful
 3. When the home of our childhood is shrouded and dim, And lov'd ones we've
 4. Soon the shadows will pass, and the tears will be dried, And the light and the

Jesus the things that have been, When they take up the cross at his loving be-
 path seems so lonely and long, A-head glows the vision of scenes of the
 clung to are gathered to him, Oh, then like a babe by its mother ca -
 love will for - ev - er a - bide, Without cloud, without end, inexpress-i - bly

CHORUS.

hest, Then they enter the portals of rest, blessed rest.
 blest, And glory is dawning with rest, blessed rest. All, all is for -
 ressed, In the bosom of Je - sus is rest, blessed rest.
 blest, For the people of God there remaineth a rest.

giv-en, for all is confessed, At the foot of the cross there is rest, blessed rest; While we

nestle and weep on his sheltering breast, Oh, then Jesus only is rest, blessed rest.

Let us Arise.

"Arise, go over this Jordan."—Josh. 1: 2.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian soldier, While the foe is spread-ing
 2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian soldier? Are not heav'nsturned to
 3. Can you lin-ger in your tent, Christian soldier? Sa-tan's smiling o'er your
 4. Let us rise in ho-ly wrath, Christian soldiers, Crush the e-vil'neath the

wre thro' the land? Do you note his ris-ing pow'r, Growing bolder ev-'ry
 hells by his pow'r? Mark you not the mother's sigh? Hear you not the children's
 i-dle de-lay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you counsel and de-
 heel of our might! Counting cost, no longer wait; Forward, manhood of the

*D. S. Tho' our numbers may be few, God will lead us grand-ly**Fine. CHORUS.*

hour? Will he not our land devour while you stand?
 cry? See you not their loved ones die ev-'ry hour? Let us a-rise! all u-nite!
 bate; Heed you not their aw-ful fate as they stray?
 state! For in God your strength is great for the right.

*thro', And our arms with strength endue by his might.**D. S.*

Let us a-rise in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right

The Lily of the Valley.

"I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys."—Sol. Song 2: 1.

Anon.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Valley, in
 ta - tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D. S. Lil - y of the Valley, the

him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
 nothing now to fear, With his man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sor - row he's my com - fort, in troub - le he's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweeping up to glo - ry to see his bless - ed face,

The Lily of the Valley. Concluded.

D. S.

He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the

126.

Glory to His Name.

"Blessed be his glorious name forever."—Ps. 72: 19.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je-sus so sweetly abides within;
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad, I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his name.
 There at the cross where he took me in; Glory to his name. Glory to his name,
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glory to his name.
 Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glory to his name.

Glory to his name, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glory to his name.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. Bright-ly, sweet - ly, toil-ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with
 2. Glad - ly, sweet - ly, we will tell the sto - ry Of his love to
 3. Meek - ly, meek - ly, toil-ing for the Mas - ter, Walk - ing faith-ful -

will-ing hands to do What - so - e'er to us he hath ap-point-ed,
 mor-tals here be - low; Christ, the bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,
 ly the path he trod, Lead-ing wand'ers to the dear Re-deemer,

CHORUS.

Faith - ful - ly our mis-sion will pur - sue. Toil - ing for
 Free - ly here his bless-ing will be - stow.
 Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God. Toil - ing, toil - ing

Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go, joy - ful - ly we go;
 for the Master,

Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here be - low.
 Toiling, toiling, for the Master,

"It is soon gone and we fly away."—Ps. 90: 10.

REV. EDWARD CASWELL.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Blend the liv - ing with the dead ;
 2. Soon our souls to God who gave them Will have sped their rap - id flight ;
 3. Je - sus, in - fi - nite Re - deem - er, Mak - er of this might - y frame ;
 4. Whence we came, and whither wending ; Soon we must through darkness go,

Soon shall we who sing be ly - ing, Each within our nar - row bed.
 A - ble now by grace to save them, Oh, that while we can we might.
 Teach, oh, teach us to re - mem - ber What we are, and whence we came:—
 To in - her - it bliss un - end - ing, Or e - ter - ni - ty of woe.

After fourth verse.

As the tree falls so must it lie ; As the man lives so will he die ; As the man dies,

such must he be, All through the days of e - ter - - ni - ty. A - men.

129.

Matt. 6: 10.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
 O'er the spoils that death has won,
 We would at this solemn meeting,
 Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;
 Though afflicted, not alone ;
 Thou didst give, and thou hast taken ;
 Blessed Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning
 Mercy still is on the throne ;
 With thy smiles of love returning,
 We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
 Thou hast taken but thine own :
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore,—thy will be done !

THOMAS HASTINGS.

God is Coming!

"So shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight upon Mount Zion."—Isa. 31:4.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. God is coming! God is coming! shout a-loud the glad re-frain,
 2. God is coming! God is coming! roll the notes of joy on high,
 3. God is coming! God is coming! and the hosts of sin are strong,
 4. God is coming! God is coming! oh, lift up your hearts and pray!

f
 Send the cry from town and cit - y, to the vil - lage, ham - let, plain;
 Ev - 'ry blood-bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your leader's cry!
 We will meet them brave-ly, bold - ly, and the fight will not be long.
 In the fight 'twixt light and dark - ness, we shall need strong arms to - day.

D. S. Ev'ry man be up - on du - ty, for Je - ho - vah comes this way.

f
 God is com - ing! hear the an - gels shout the ti - dings from a - bove!
 God is com - ing! God is com - ing! rub your rust - y ar - mor bright,
 God is com - ing! and be - fore him, pow'rs of darkness must give way;
 God is com - ing! fal - ter nev - er! when the jour - ney here is done,

f
 He will del - nge our whole country with his ti - dal wave of love.
 Gird your sword and shield a - bout you, and be read - y for the fight.
 God is com - ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic - to - ry.
 You shall wear a crowu of glo - ry in the kingdom of his Son.

CHORUS. *ff* *D. S.*
 God is com - ing! pass the watch - word all a long the line to - day!

The Lord is Risen.

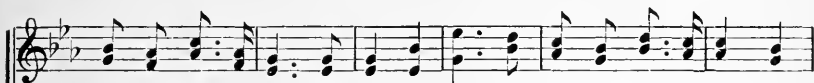
"He is not here; for he is risen."—Matt. 28: 6.

W. F. McCAULEY.

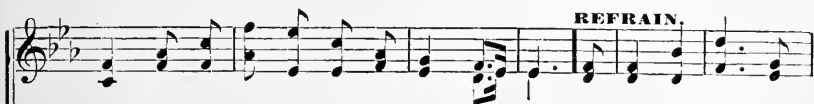
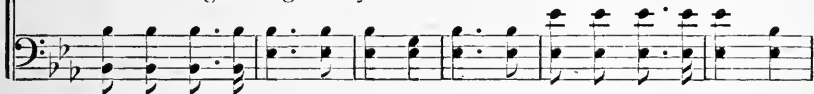
W. F. McCAULEY.



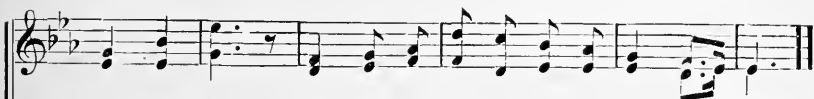
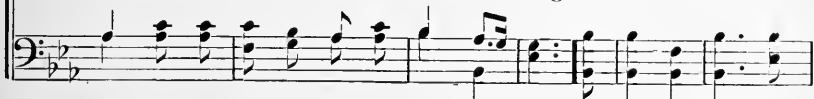
1. The Lord is ris'n! come, lift your happy voices; An-gels send your
2. The Lord is ris'n! the seal-ed tomb is brok-en, Banished e'er its
3. The Lord is ris'n! O earth, with all your voices Raise the strain, and



al - le-lu-iahs down : The Lord is ris'n, and o-ver death triumphant,
 heav-y shades of night : Each soul redeemed shall pass its lowly portals
 with the angels sing : For you he died and burst the bars a-sund-er—



He is with vic - to - ry and radiance crowned. The Lord is ris'n! The
 Robed in a pan - o - ply of liv - ing light. The Lord is ris'n! The
 Let ev - 'ry tribe and tongue their tri-bute bring. The Lord is ris'n! The



Lord is ris'n! He is with vic - to - ry and ra-diance crowned.
 Lord is ris'n! Robed in a pan - o - ply of liv - ing light.
 Lord is ris'n! Let ev - 'ry tribe and tongue their tribute bring.



(CAROL. C. M. D.)

R. STORRS WILLIS.

It came up on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels
bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good will to men," From heaven's all
gracious King; The earth in sol-lemn stillness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King;"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. SEARS, 1850.

133.

THE race that long in darkness pine
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwell
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

2 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

JOHN MORRISON, 1781.

God for Us.

(An American National Hymn.)

"He hath not dealt so with any nation."—Ps. 147: 20.

C. C. CONVERSE.

C. C. CONVERSE.

f Spiritedly. March Style.

1. God for us,—Our nation's hope is sure; God for us,—Our nation
 2. Hand in hand We form the nation's bounds; God for us, The nation's
 3. God for us, Our union e'er shall be, Peace, good-will, A true fra-

shall en - dure. His the praise For our pros-per - i - ty;
 song re - sounds. With one flag O'er land, and lake, and sea,
 ter - ni - ty. Un - ion's might, When God the leader is,

ff CHORUS.

His for peace, and for u - ni - ty.
 One in heart, one in lib - er - ty. North and South, and East and
 Wins for freedom all vic - to - ries.

West, Sing God and union, Home and lib-er-ty, God for us.

HENRY CAREY.

My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
America.

2 My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble, free, —
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

136.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry, —
God save the state!

JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

137.

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

NICOLL.

138.

Faith is a Living Power.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Faith is a liv - ing pow'r from heav'n Which grasps the prom - ise God has giv'n ;
 2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed ;
 3. Faith to the conscience whispers peace, And bids the mourner's sigh - ing cease ;
 4. Such faith in us, O God, im - plant, And to our prayers thy fa - vor grant ;

Se - cure - ly fixed on Christ a - lone, A trust that can not be o'erthrown.
 Strong in his grace, it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.
 By faith the children's right we claim, And call up - on our Father's name.
 In Je - sus Christ, thy sav - ing Son, Who is our fount of health a - lone.

139.

A Soldier of the Cross.

(MAITLAND. C. M.)

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb ?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord ;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

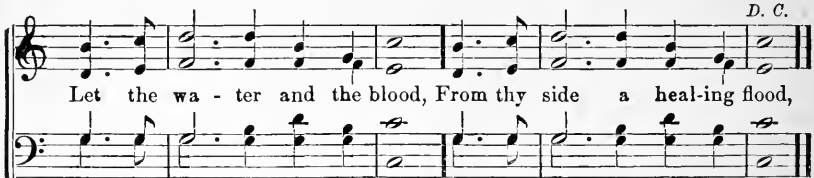
(TOPLADY. 7s, 61.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,
D. C.

[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.]

Rock of Ages.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Rock of Ages.

HOMEWARD.

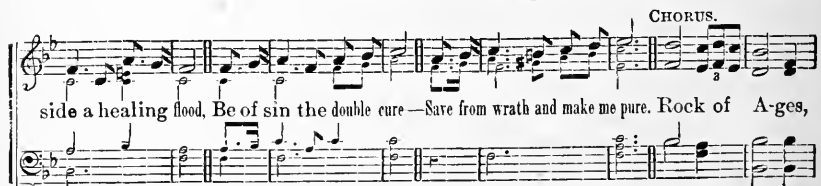
(Second Tune.)

SOLO.

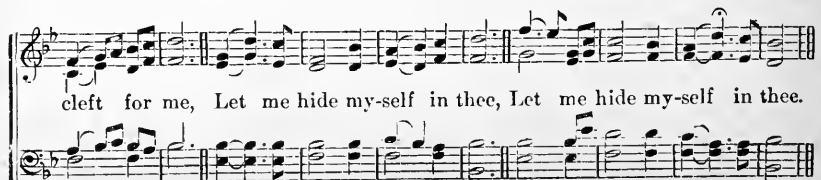
FRANZ ABT.



Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy



side a healing flood, Be of sin the double cure—Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock of A-ges,
CHORUS.



cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee, Let me hide my-self in thee.

(C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.]

Crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, *alt.* 1780.

142.

Martyn.

(7s. D.)

S. B. MARSH.

D. C.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, } { Hide me, O my Sar-ior, hide, }
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

Abide With Me.

(EVENTIDE. 10s.)

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ventide; The darkness deep-ens; Lord, with me abide!

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Evening of the Day.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

Closing Hymn.

10s. Music above.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868.

145.

Communion.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

(10s.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs, With trembling hand, that from thy
2. I am not worthy to be thought thy child, Nor sit the last and lowest

ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heavy - laden sinner comes To plead thy
at thy board; Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled, I on - ly

3 I hear thy voice; thou bidst me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.
promise and obey thy call.
ask one reconciling word.

4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

146.

Laudes Domini.

Tr. by REV. EDWARD CASWELL.

(P. M.)

J. BARNABY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:

A - like at work and prayer; To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

2 To thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

147.

Praise the Lord.

(WILMOT. 8s & 7s.)

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

WBBB.



1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him; Praise him, an-gels in the height!
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; Worlds his mi-ghty voice o-beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo-rious; Nev-er shall his prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion, Hosts on high! his power proclaim;



Sun and moon! re-joice be-fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!
 Laws, which nev-er shall be brok-en, For their guidance he hath made.
 God hath made his saints victo-rious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
 Heav-en and earth, and all crea-tion! Laud and mag-ni-fy his name.

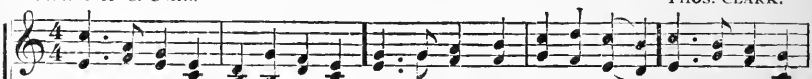


148. We are Living, We are Dwelling

(ESSEX. 8s & 7s.)

BISHOP A. C. COXE.

THOS. CLARK.



1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on
2. Hark the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la-zy lock? Up! O up! thou
3. Worlds are charging, heav'n beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now, the blazoned
4. On! let all the soul within you For the truth's sake go abroad; Strike! let ev-'ry



a-ges telling; To be liv-ing is sublime, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
 drow-sy soldier; Worlds are charging to the shock, Worlds are charging to the shock.
 cross unfolding, On! right onward for the right, On! right onward for the right.
 nerve and sinew Tell on a-ges—tell for God, Tell on a-ges—tell for God.



Oh, Could I Speak.

(ARIEL.)

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears; And all the forms of love he wears,
 4. Well—the de - light-ful day will come, When he, dear Lord! will bring me home,

Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
 Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which, ail-perfect
 Ex - alted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-
 And I shall see his face: There, with my Savior, brother-friend, A blessed eter-ni-

while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last - ing days, Make all his glories known, Make all his glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Triumph-ant in his grace, Triumph-ant in his grace.

150. Work, for the Night is Coming.

(KEY OF F.)

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon;

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeeth,
 Fadeeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

151. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

(7s. D.)

M. M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side ; }
 Gen - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land ; }
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear, }
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
 Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there ; }

D. C. Whis - per soft - ly, wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

152. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

(WOODWORTH. I. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken ev - ery barrier down ;

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6s & 4s.)

THOS. HASTINGS.

My faith looks up thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary; Savior divine; Now hear me

while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Looking to Jesus.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER,

154.

Jesus, my Lord.

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. DECK, 1837.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.

Olivet.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine.

155. By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

(SILOAM. C. M.)

HEBER.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the lil-y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
 3. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill The lil-y must de-cay;
 4. And soon, too soon, the win-try hour Of man's ma-tur-er age

How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!
 Whose se-cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a-way.
 Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm-y pas-sion's rage.

156. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

(PILOT. 7s, 6 l.)

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je-sus, Savior, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me
 2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Bois'trous waves obey thy
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful

roll, Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass come from thee: Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
 will, When thou sayst to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
 rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

157. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

(BALERMA. C. M.)

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav - en - ly Dove! With all thy quickening powers, —
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.
 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

158. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(ITALY. 6s & 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al-might-y King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
 2. Come, thou in - car-nate Word! Gird on thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at-tend:
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear. In this glad hour:
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, ev-er-more!

Father, all glorious! O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
 Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us de-scend.
 Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of power!
 His sov'reign majesty May we in glory see, And to e - ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

159. The Morning Light is Breaking.

(WEBB. 6s & 7s. D.)

GEO. J. WEBB.

The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness dis - ap - pears : The sons of
 earth are wak-ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from a - far Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

160.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry, to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Savior's blessing,—
 A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation !
 Pursue thine onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :—
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 1845.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross !
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day :
 Ye that are men ! now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus ;
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day, the noise of battle,—
 The next, the victor's song ;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He, with the King of glory,
 Shall reign eternally !

George Duffield, 1858.

161. Lord, I have Made Thy Word my Choice.

(EVAN. C. M.)

W. H. HAVERGAL.

Lord! I have made thy word my choice, My last-ing her - i - tage;

There shall my no-blest powers re-joice, My warmest thoughts en-gage.

Psalm 119.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

162.

LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden flowers and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;—these days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1769.

163.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER.

Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee!

Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg, 1735. *Ab. and alt.*

165. My God, Accept my Heart.

BEMERTON. C. M.)

H. W. GREATORIX.

My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways thine,

That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee de - cline.

- 1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be All in All.

- 3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My best atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of thy love.

- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

Bridges, 1838.

166. Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.

(LAST HOPE. 7s.)

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day ;
 2. Night her sol - emn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades ;
 3. Peace is on the world a - broad ; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God -
 4. Sav - ior, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee,

Gen - tly as life's set - tingsun, When the Christian's course is run.
 All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab-bath's close.
 Sym - bol of the peace with-in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

167.

Sun of My Soul.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

J. KEBLE.

RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near ;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live ;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o - ceau of thy love We lose ourselves in heaven a - bove.

168. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

(ELLESBIE. 8s & 7s. D.)

W. A. MOZART.

Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

Fine.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Per-ish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
God and heaven are still my own! D. C.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to thee.

- 4 Hasten thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1829

169.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

170.

- 1 In thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go thy way.
Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.
- 2 Let thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, oh, my Savior! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead;"

P. Spitta.

How I Love Jesus.

C. M.

American Spiritual.

There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like

CHORUS.

mu - sic in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth. Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because he first loved me.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 'The sweetest name on earth.
 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
 3 It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And, though I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.
 4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part,
 That none can bear below.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1859.

172.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;

It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath,
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

173.

Jewett.

(6s. D.)

C. M. VON WEBER, 1820.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt— O may thy will be mine! In - to thy
 2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt— If need - y here and poor, Give me thy
 3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt— If a - mong thorns I go, Still sometime

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
 people's bread, Their portion rich and sure; The man - na of thy word,
 here and there Let a few ros - es blow. But thou, on earth, a - long

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.
 Let my soul feed up-on, And, if all else should fail, My Lord, thy will be done.
 The thorny path has gone: Then lead me af - ter thee; My Lord, thy will be done.

174.

Genevieve.

ALT.

(P. M.)

Arr. from WEBER.

Andante.

1. Hearts re - veal - ing sa - cred feel - ing, Toward the heav'n's our songs are
 2. Low - ly bend - ing, towards thee wending, Lord, who hast no cause or

steal - ing; Then out - well - ing, Loud - ly swell - ing, Fill the
 end - ing, Oh, be - friend us! Still de - fend us! Let thy

Fa - - - ther's dwell - ing, The Fa - ther's dwell - ing.
 love . . . at - tend us, Thy love at - tend us!

175. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast ;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.

JESUS, the very tho't of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the mem'ry find
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Savior of mankind !

3 Oh, hope of ev'ry contrite heart !
 Oh, joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind thou art !
 How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus ! our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesus ! be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
 T. E. CASWALL, 1848.

176.

O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord !
 Forgive me, if I say,
 For very love, thy sacred name
 A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so, I know not how
 My transports to control ;
 Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within my very soul.

3 Oh ! wonderful ! that thou should'st let
 So vile a heart as mine
 Love thee with such a love as this,
 And make so free with thine !

4 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief !
 O Heaven begun on earth !
 Jesus my Love, my Treasure ! who
 Can tell what thou art worth ?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord !
 What art thou not to me ?
 Each hour brings joys before unknown,
 Each day new liberty

FREDERICK WM. FABER, 1848.

177.

Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord ?
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 And turn each worthless idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love ;
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,
 My Savior's voice to hear ?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord
 But, oh ! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1748.

178. The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

(ANTHEM.)

OTTO LOB.

Andante.

p

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple,
 The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - - ple, in his tem - ple, keep

Keep silence, Keep silence, keep silence be - fore him!
 silence, keep silence, keep silence be - fore him!

mf *f*

Let all the earth be silent before him, Let all the earth be silent be -
 Let all the earth be silent, Let all the earth be

The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Concluded.

p ^A tempo. *p*

for him; For the Lord, the Lord is in his holy
 si-lent, For the Lord, the Lord, For the Lord is in his holy

pp

tem - - ple, keep silence, keep silence be - fore him.
 tem - - ple, keep silence, keep silence, silence be - fore him.

mf

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple,
 The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - - ple, in his tem - ple, keep

p

keep silence, keep silence, keep silence before him, keep
 silence, keep silence, keep silence before him, keep

p **Molto Ritard.** *pp*

silence, keep silence, keep silence be - fore him: silence, si - lence.
 silence, keep silence be - fore him: silence, si - lence.

Praise ye the Lord.

(Anthem for Ladies' Voices.)

E. S. LORENZ.

Allegretto maestoso.

Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! For it is good to sing

praises unto God; for it is good to sing praises un-to God.

For it is pleasant, for it is pleasant, and praise is come - ly.

For it is pleasant, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely, is come - ly.

For it is pleasant, for it is pleasant, and praise is come - ly.

For it is pleasant, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely, is come - ly.

Andante.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; he

Praise ye the Lord. Concluded.

1^o tempo.

healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord! For it is good to sing praises, for it is good to sing
It is good, for it is good, for it is good, for

praises; for it is good to sing prais - es unto our God. For it is good to sing
it is good, It is good, for

praises, for it is good to sing praises; for it is good to sing
it is good, for it is good, for it is good, for it is good to sing

praises unto our God, un-to our God, un - to our God. A - men.

Gloria Patri.

CHOIR.]

W. J. BALTZELL.

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Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

SOLO.

Ghost, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, is

FULL CHORUS. *Ritard.*

now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, world without end. Amen.

Gloria Patri.

CONGREGATION.

GREGORIAN.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - MEN.

Y. P. S. C. E. TEXTS.

Unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus. Eph. 3: 21.

Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matt. 20: 26-28.

For we are God's fellow-workers. 1. Cor. 3: 9.

One is your teacher, and all ye are brethren. Matt. 23: 8. One is your master, even the Christ. Matt. 23: 10.

TOPICAL INDEX.

The ordinary topics of devotion, praise, evangelistic effort, Christian life, etc., are not here outlined, as the hymns on such subjects will be readily selected without this aid; but we outline such special topics as seem to be most suggestive.

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